★ July 28, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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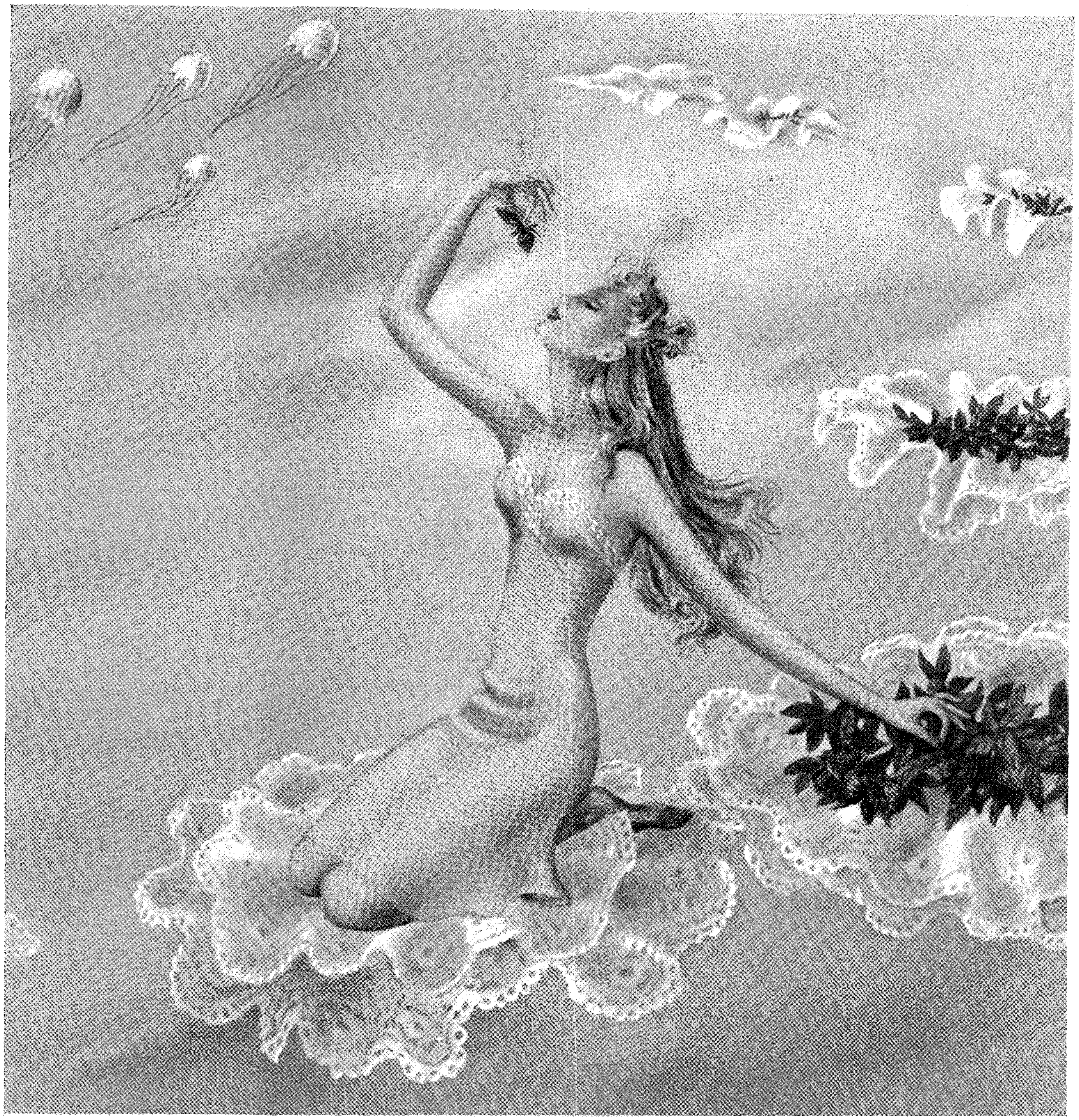

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BOEING

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUG. 4.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney, Lenore Lonergan, and (through Sat., July 28) Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. Reopens Mon., July 30. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big show about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with highly agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—The tragedy at Mayerling has been provided with a happy ending and set to music. Rather routine but probably fair enough for the hot months. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Moves on Mon., July 30, to the Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—This old favorite has at least one eye open again. Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Henry King's orchestra.

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THE NEW YORKER
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Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence and Josh White in a horrid conspiracy to make you want to stay up all night. Appropriate music by Edmond Hall's accomplished band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca making intelligent fun of almost anything, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson and Mary Lou Williams, and music by John Kirby's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Madison Avenue's largest and coolest all-weather retreat. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind-reader, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Mark Monte's and Garwood Van's bands alternate on the stand. Walter Liberace plays piano, and there is also a dance team. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as peaceful and pleasant as nighttime on a rooftop can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks almost too much at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band are on hand at night.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens singing at suppertime on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra provides dance music through the evening and Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with it at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness; no dancing. . . . **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a fairly standardized show, with Jerry Cooper and a collection of delectable show girls; Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . **copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Russell Swann, the bright magician, being very untypical of the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment includes Mitzi Green and the orchestras of Enric Madriguera and Joel Herron. . . . **astor roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Gene Krupa and his orchestra on this large, cool rooftop, playing for what look very much like jitterbugs. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **bossert**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, now has supper dancing nightly.

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Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a small but comfortable cave, equipped with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; also, Don Frye as solo pianist and the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the stertorous Hot Lips Page leading his new

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUG. 4.

band, and Stuff Smith at work on his electric violin. . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett with his teammates, Al Casey and his new trio, and the moody Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Don Byas and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Al Fresco—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson; dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . CENTRAL PARK ZOO: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés: BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which were hidden away for safekeeping when we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., July 31.

Groups—At the DURLACHER, 11 E. 57: old and new paintings and drawings. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., July 31. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: American, French and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 15. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Hélion, Avery, and Weber. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and other young Americans. Daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., July 31. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Joseph de Martini, Andrew Wyeth, James Lechay, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: work in various mediums by gallery members. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: old masters and contemporaries. Daily 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . O'CONNOR, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velásquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . KOOTZ, 15 E. 57; the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Léger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . 67 GALLERY, 67 E. 57: a preview of work by artists who will exhibit here next season, including Adolph Gottlieb, Stanley William Hayter, and Hans Hofmann. Weekdays, except Sat., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., July 31.

Arnold Hofmann—War paintings in an Expressionist, nearly baroque manner: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., Aug. 1.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, recently arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the Pacific war, by American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

War Art—At the INTERNATIONAL BLDG., Mezzanine floor, Rockefeller Center: paintings centering on the activities of the Medical Corps, by twelve American artists, including Joseph Hirsch, Peter Blume, John Steuart Curry, and Francis Criss; sponsored by Abbott Laboratories. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 14.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Thurs. and Fri., July 26-27; Maurice Abravanel conducting, Sat. and Sun., July 28-29; Eugene Goossens conducting, Mon. through Wed., July 30-Aug. 1; Alexander Smallens conducting, Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 2-4. Highlights: Schola Cantorum and soloists, July 26; Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, ballet dancers, July 28; Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, piano, July 30; Joseph Fuchs, violin, July 31; "La Bohème," with Grace Moore and Jan Peerce, Aug. 2-3; Todd Duncan, baritone, Aug. 4. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 P.M. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 P.M.)

Berkshire Festival—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., July 28 and Aug. 4, at 8:30 P.M., and Sun., July 29, at 3:30 P.M. Soloists: Alexander Brailowsky, piano, July 28 and Aug. 4; Abram Chasins and Constance Keene, piano, July 29. (Tanglewood, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass.)

Juilliard Concerts—Barbara Holmquest, piano, Thurs., July 26; Arturo di Filippi, tenor, Fri., July 27; Guy Maier, piano, Mon., July 30; Naoum Benditzky, violoncello, Tues., July 31; Lillian Carpenter, organist, Wed., Aug. 1; Vera Appleton and Michael Field, piano, Thurs., Aug. 2; Frank Kneisel, violin, and a string symphony, Fri., Aug. 3. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. . . . City Amateur Symphony Orchestra, Judge Leopold Prince conducting; soloist, Serafim Strelkoff, bass, Sat., July 28, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Naumburg Memorial Orchestra, Emanuel Balaban conducting; soloist, Val Patacchi, baritone, Tues., July 31, at 8:15 P.M.

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM:—Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. through Sat., July 26-28, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 29 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., July 27-28, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 29 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Tues., July 31 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Wed., Aug. 1, at 8:45 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sat., Aug. 4, at 8:45 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Sal Bartolo vs. Freddie Russo, featherweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 27; Tippy Larkin vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 3. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Racing—Empire City meet at Jamaica race track, weekdays at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., Aug. 4. (The Butler Handicap, July 28; Questionnaire Handicap, Aug. 4.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

Tennis—Seabright Invitation Tournament, Seabright L.T. and C.C., Seabright, N.J., Fri. through Sun., July 27-29.

Trotting—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., at 8:15 P.M., through Aug. 25. . . . Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M.; through Sept. 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regattas on the Sound: Larchmont Y.C. Race Week, through Sun., July 29.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49; a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Tues. through Fri., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., July 31.

Planetarium—"A Trip to the Moon" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR

Mayor LaGuardia—In the third of a series of monthly broadcasts on New York, Thurs., July 26, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., July 29, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 27 and Aug. 3, and Wed., Aug. 1, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Berkshire Festival, Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., July 28 and Aug. 4, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., July 28 and Aug. 4, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . Josef Hofmann, piano, Mon., July 30, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

Sports—Boxing: Freddie Russo vs. Sal Bartolo, Fri., July 27; Tippy Larkin vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., Aug. 3; at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from

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On Chrysler-built grousers – extra-wide treads – this Chrysler-built tank advances over mud that would halt a man!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Imagination's goal is always improvement—better performance for tanks and guns, increased value or service in cars, trucks.

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This General Sherman tank is wearing oversize shoes—37-inch-wide "grousers" that can carry it over soft mud and swamps *and Japanese rice paddies* where tanks ordinarily would sink and stall.

Practical *imagination* at Chrysler Corporation led to this tank improvement, so carefully planned that tank men can put similar grousers on U. S. medium tanks — anywhere!

Imagination is the directing force at Chrysler Corporation . . . you get the benefits of its discoveries in every one of our products.

Fluid Drive, Floating Power, Superfinish and Amola Steel are some of the major improvements it has helped us build into cars in quantity, so that more people can enjoy their advantages.

Today that same useful imagination contributes to the speed and quality and quantity of our production of rockets, guns, tanks, B-29 engines and other military items.

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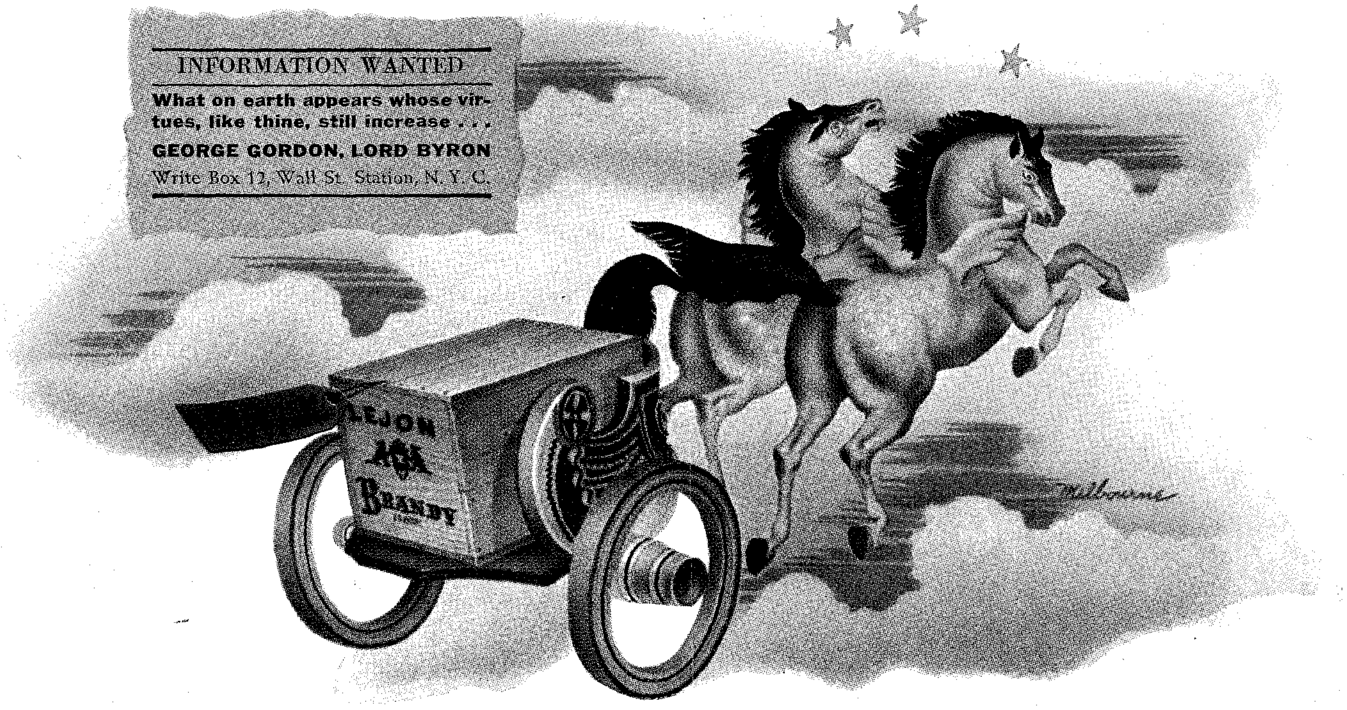

INFORMATION WANTED

What on earth appears whose virtues, like thine, still increase . . .

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

Write Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y. C.

Your lordship's public inquiry has at length found its proper recipient. It seems that there is nothing else that bears watching so well as LEJON Brandy. Here at Chateau Lejon each succeeding blending makes the taste finer until when it is ready for so discriminating a palate as yours, it is indeed full of virtue • • • Early we hitched our wagon to a star, in manner of saying, lavishing every care on this precious distillate. And so, believing your search for increasing and immortal virtue will be satisfied, we are sending you a sample case of LEJON Brandy.

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*For Brandy Connoisseurs: We have a booklet, "The Spirit of the Grape".**
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Europe), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . Lisa Sergio, nightly, except Sat. and Sun., at 7 P.M. (through Tues., July 31), WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, nightly at 7:15 P.M. (through Fri., July 27), WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

A BELL FOR ADANO—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but is still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

ALONG CAME JONES—Gary Cooper on horseback again in a mildly amusing Western cooked up by Nunnally Johnson. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

JUNIOR MISS—Sally Benson's series about a little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema has been very pleasantly adapted for the screen. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a pretty funny item that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., July 26. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., July 29. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., July 28-30. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1.)

SAN PIETRO—You'll probably prefer this thirty-minute documentary about a U.S. infantry action in Italy, put together by John Huston and Frank Capra, to most of the full-length films around town. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

WITHOUT LOVE—Donald Ogden Stewart's treatment of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing to do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., July 26. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., July 27-30. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., July 31-Aug. 2.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye plays twins in this comedy about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

ARROWSMITH (1931)—Sinclair Lewis' story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 29-30.)

DEAD END (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 26.)

DUMBO (1941)—Disney animals, mostly elephants. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 31-Aug. 4.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUG. 4.

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 31-Aug. 2.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., July 28. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 1-3.)

JANE EYRE (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 31-Aug. 2.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (1941)—Three batty sisters and a lonely cottage on the heath. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., July 28.)

LA MATERNELLE (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., July 31.)

LAURA (1944)—Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, and Dana Andrews pretty deeply involved in murder. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., Aug. 1.)

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY (1944)—Innocents abroad in the 1920's. With Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Fri., July 30-Aug. 3.)

SAHARA (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 29-30.)

SHALL WE DANCE? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., July 28.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., July 31-Aug. 2. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 1-3. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Aug. 1-4.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. Now called "Ragged Angels." (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 31-Aug. 2.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 27-30.)

WILSON (1944)—Alexander Knox as isolationism's famous victim. With Geraldine Fitzgerald and Charles Coburn. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., JULY 26: "Juno and the Paycock" (1930), with players of the Abbey Theatre, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., JULY 27-29: "Little Caesar" (1930), with Edward G. Robinson. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., JULY 30-AUG. 2: "M" (1931), with Peter Lorre. . . . FROM FRI., AUG. 3: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), with James Cagney.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167).

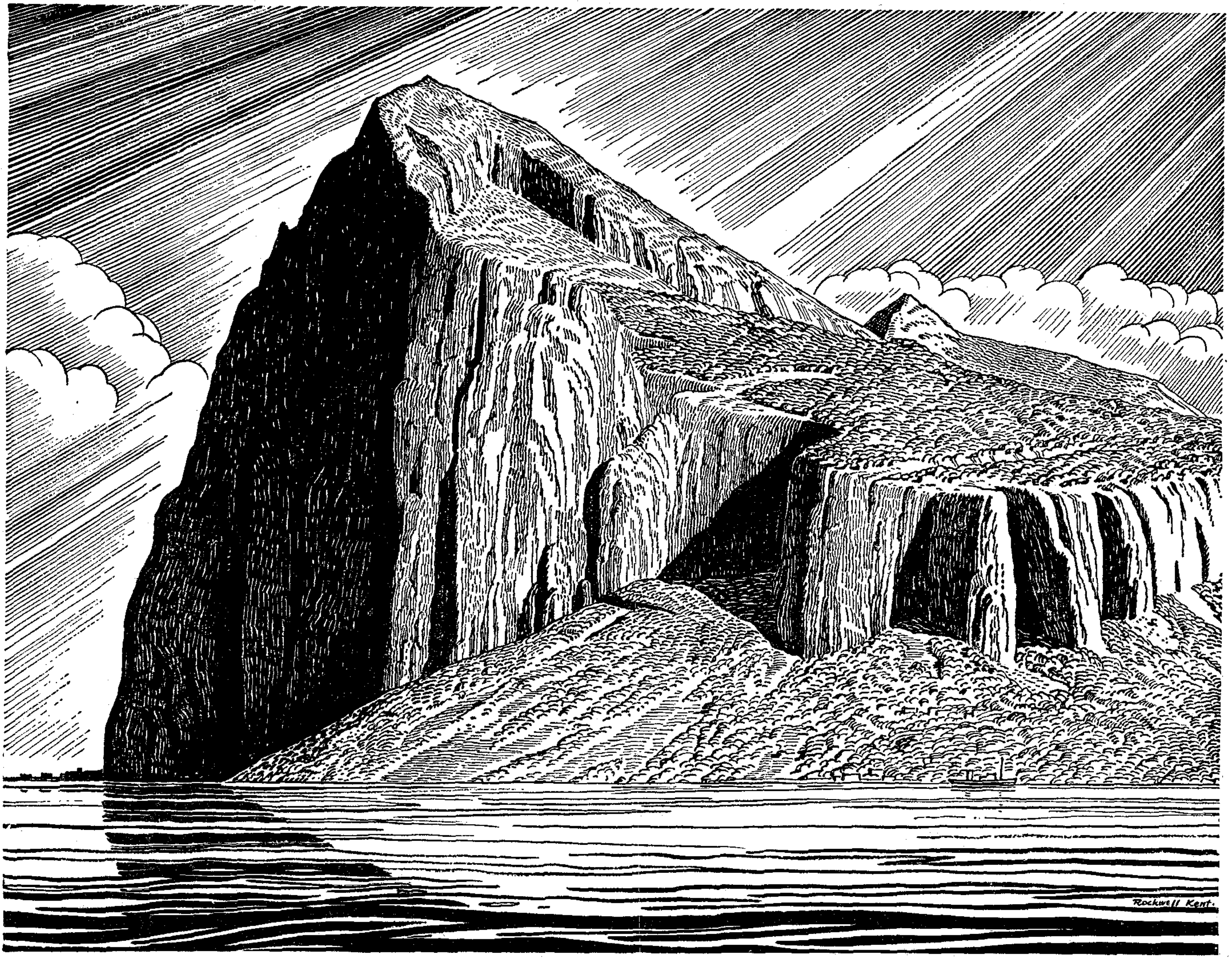
VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work two mornings or one full day each week in the offices of the New York City Vacancy Listing; women to work one morning or afternoon a week as nursery assistants and recreational aides in child-care centers. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): men and women to work as aides in civilian hospitals, assisting disabled patients to and from physiotherapy wards; women to act as recreation leaders with young people's groups in settlement houses. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week, day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day only, as clinic, linen room, or office aides; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as orderlies. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work on Mondays and Thursdays doing various chores in canteens throughout the city.

HARVESTERS—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (still very important) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . .The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two red ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the Dis-



Rockwell Kent.

"THE ROCK," BY ROCKWELL KENT, FOR THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINES COLLECTION

4TH AND MAIN

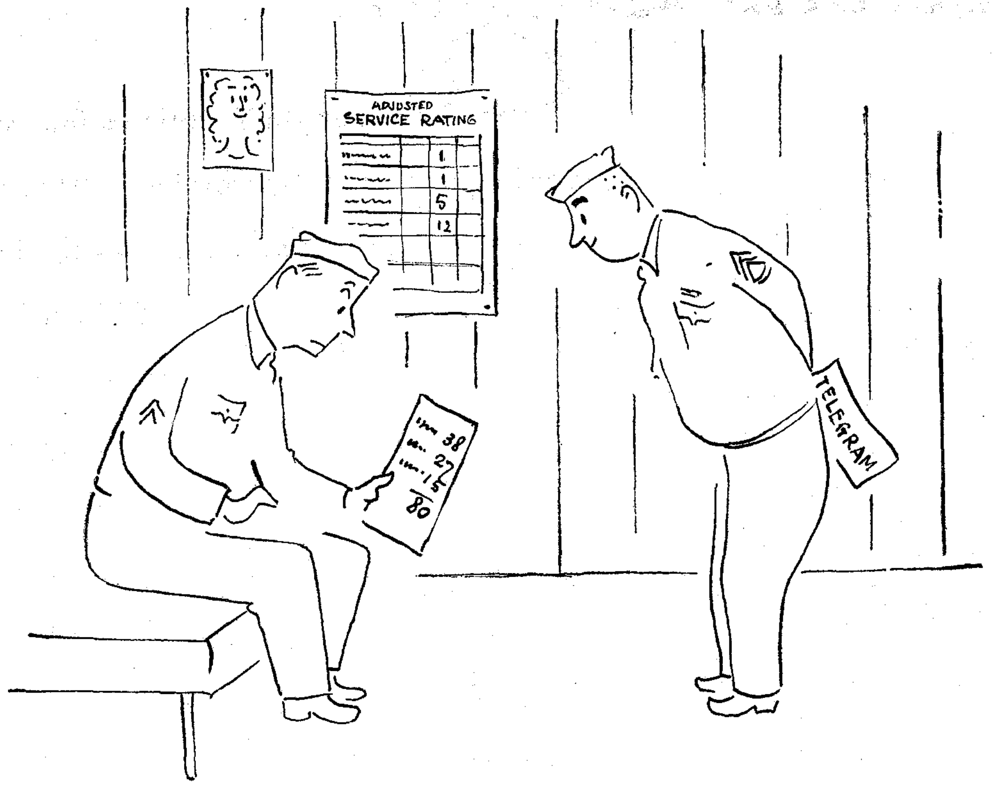
To millions of Americans, the Rock of Gibraltar today marks a seaway crossroads, nearly as familiar as a busy corner in their own home town.

War has taught us once again that the wind-swept highways of the sea are important extensions of 10,000 U.S. shores. Flying our flag, they can be our best insurance against another war.

In peacetime, the same privately owned all-American merchant shipping is assurance of control over our foreign trade . . . the thousands of things we [illegible] ar or

Black Sea and the Indian Ocean has been put to use in thousands of convoy, invasion and Mercy Ship voyages. And some day soon, our new, efficient vessels and citizen crews will serve *you*—what you want to buy and sell abroad will determine the

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!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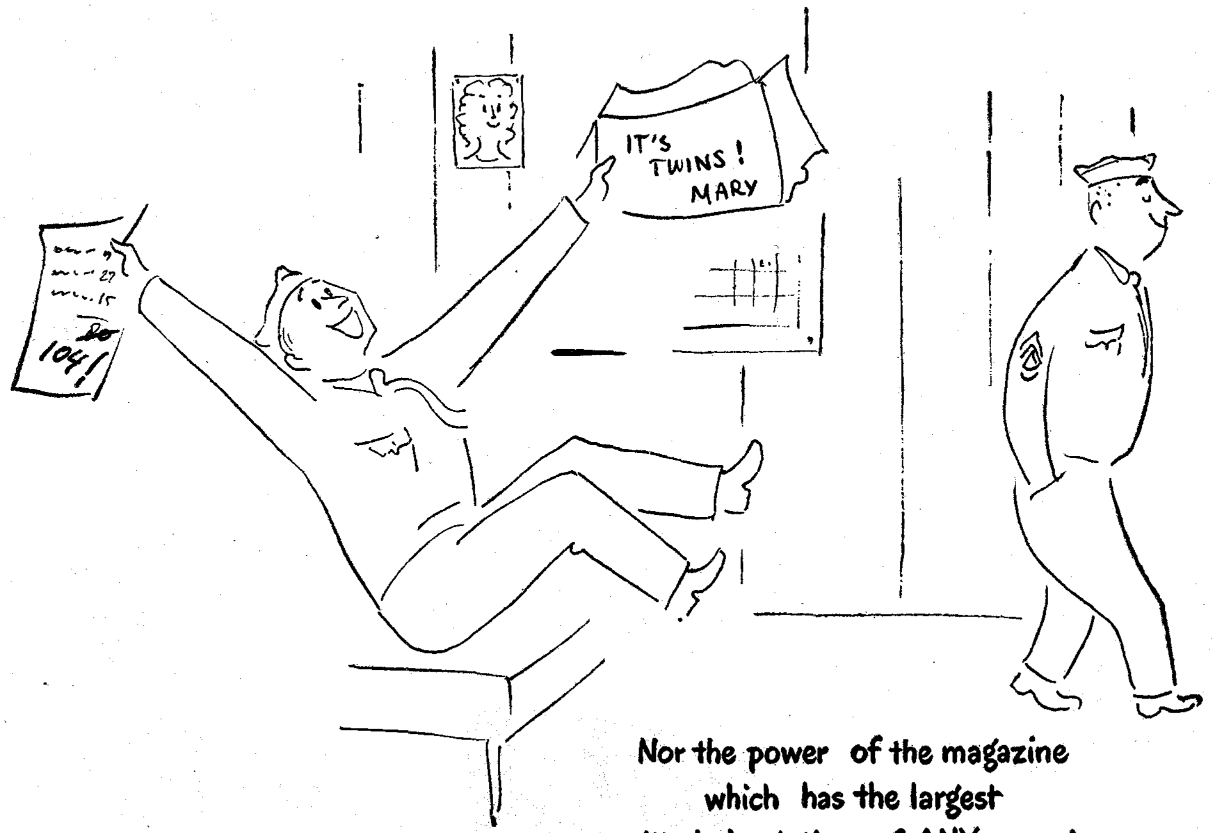
IT'S TWINS! MARY
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104

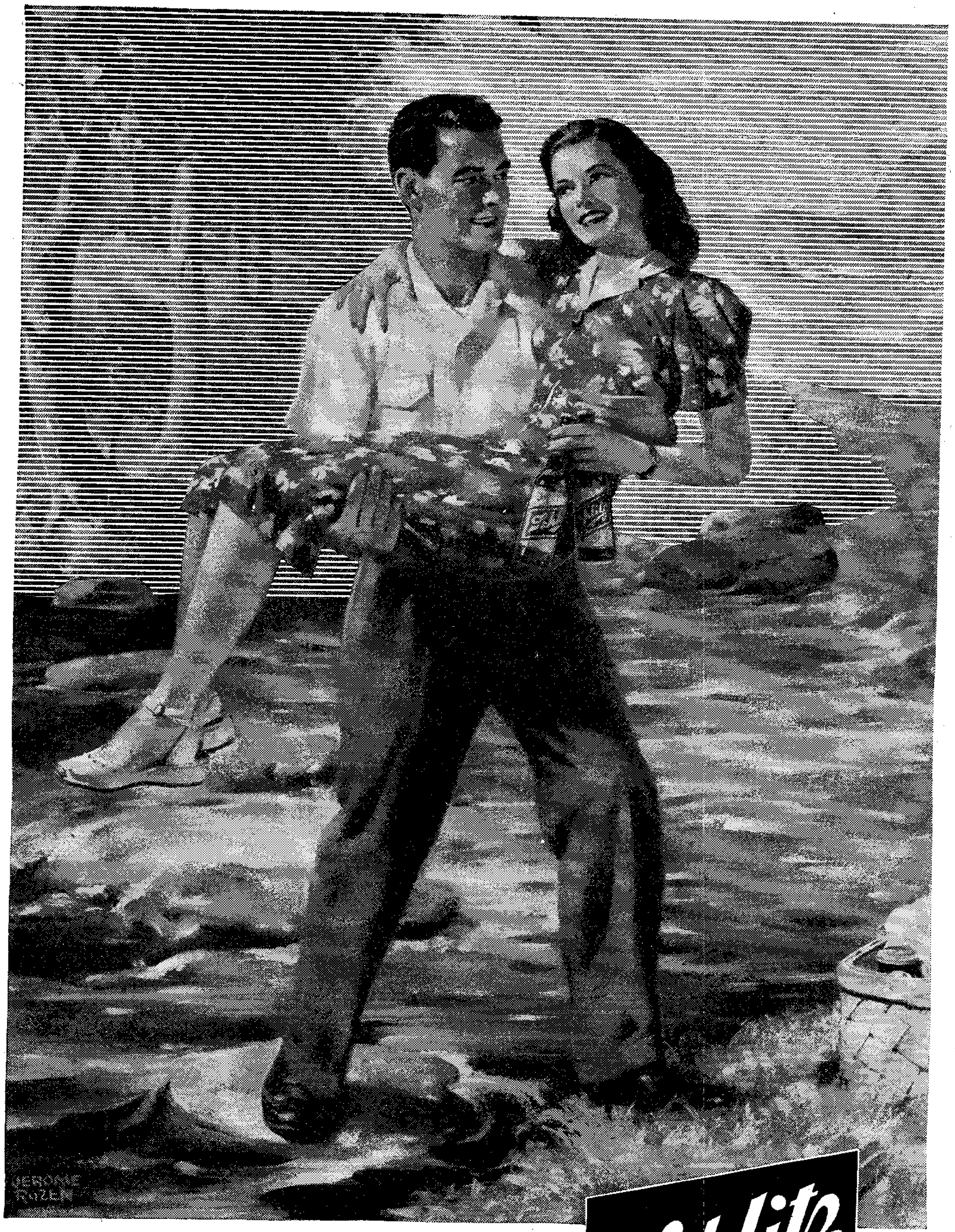
Nor the power of the magazine which has the largest audited circulation of ANY magazine, given it exclusively by women

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

Precious Cargo!

Whether you're toting a few cold bottles to a favorite picnic spot—or having SCHLITZ brought on a silver tray at the club—the beer that made Milwaukee famous is truly "precious cargo." For its smoothness and delicacy have no equal—and its famous flavor is prized by every lover of fine beer.


JEROME ROZEN

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

...no bitterness

Schlitz

Copr. 1945, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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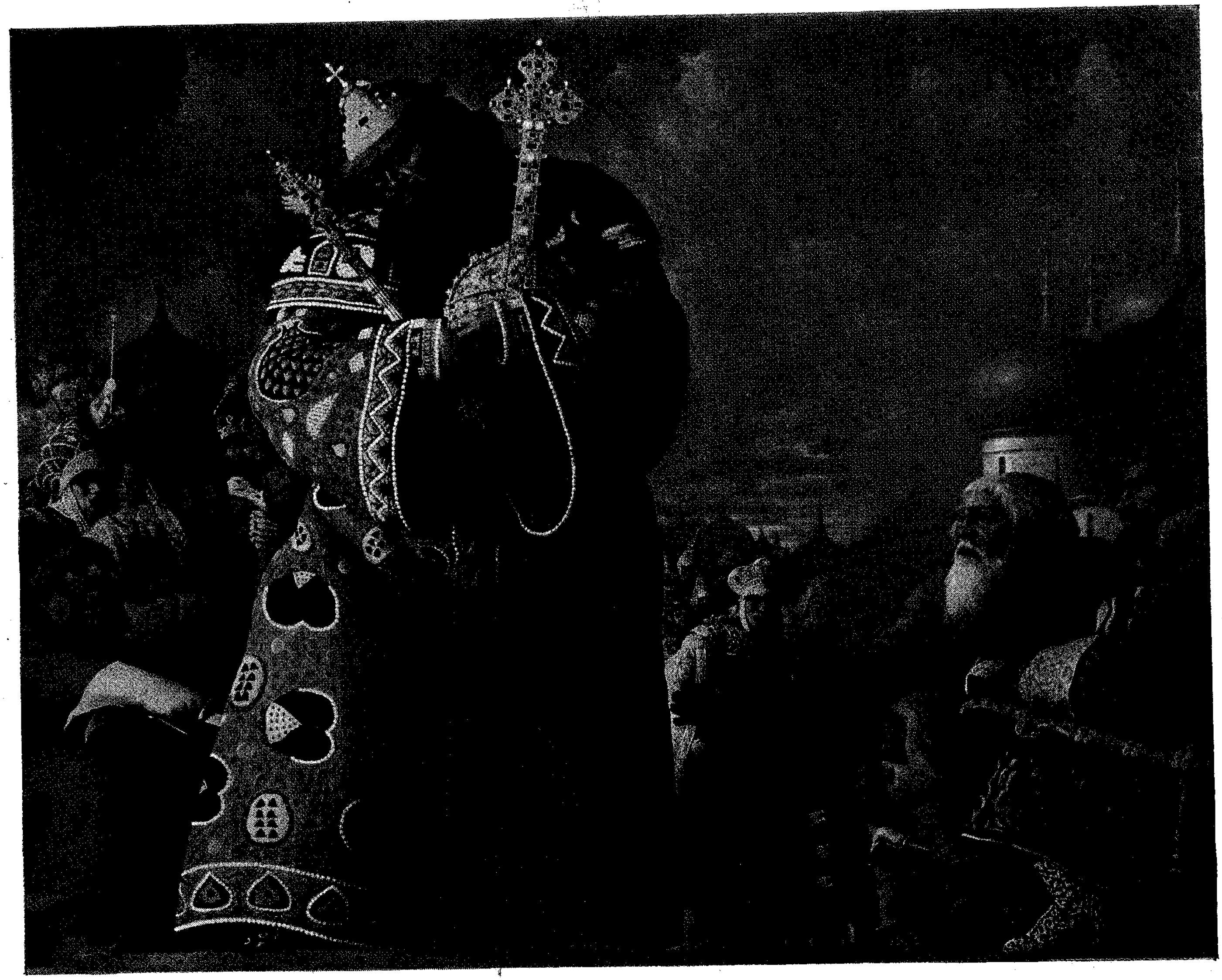


IN TIME OF TYRANNY

Some tyrants leave their trace in history books. Others cast their shadows only on the heart. These are the little tyrants of day-by-day living: uncertainty . . . destroyer of the morning's adventuresome mood; misgiving . . . oppressor of the evening's peace of mind.

To win against such forces, man has a mighty weapon. Music! Sublimely rendered by the Capehart or the Farnsworth, it becomes a source of courage and solace, of fresh enthusiasm for the morrow's work.

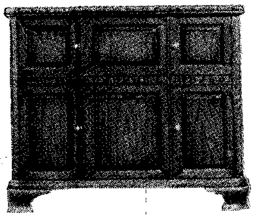
Like so many others, you, too, may be looking forward to unhurried hours of enjoyment beside one of these magic instruments. These pleasures will be yours, with the faultless tone and trouble-free performance which has for 17 years distinguished products of the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation.

Among tomorrow's models will be the finest phonograph-radios and radios in this brilliant history of Capehart and Farnsworth. Skilled television engineers, who contributed toward the development of Radar and precision electronic devices, promise you sparkling reception. If you wish, select an FM program. Or enjoy through a flawless record-changer an entire evening of effortless entertainment.

From the popular Farnsworth to the connoisseur's Capehart, cabinet styles and sizes will offer great variety. And in each price range, surpassing *quality* . . . the key to Farnsworth leadership! Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

The Coronation Scene, from the opera "Boris Godounov" by Modest Moussorgsky, interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Robert Riggs. With a rich brush, the artist has brought to life the turmoil within the usurper-Tsar's mind as he appears in the courtyard of the Kremlin on the way to the cathedral to assume imperial rank. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write direct to Capehart Division, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

THE *Capehart*
THE *Farnsworth*



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FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

N. W. AYER & SON

"I know what I'll buy *first!*"

High on the postwar purchasing list of most Cadillac owners is another Cadillac car.

No other motor car in America—according to the findings of a nation-wide survey—has such a firm hold on the loyalty of its owners.

Three million motorists were recently asked to express an opinion as to what make they expected their next car to be. And those who own Cadillacs led the owners of all makes in saying they intended to "repeat" on their present cars. This, of course, is but logical. Wartime driving has made it clearer than ever that Cadillac quality stands alone. Cadillac's beauty and comfort and safety have always been factors which the buyer could see and appraise—but only extended usage can reveal the full value of Cadillac craftsmanship. The years and the miles are unusually kind to a Cadillac.

In the future, as in the past, Cadillac cars will be built in the Cadillac tradition—where craftsmanship is a creed, and accuracy a law. There will be but a single Cadillac standard—and *that* the "Standard of the World."

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

BUY MORE
WAR BONDS
KEEP WHAT YOU HAVE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A PUBLISHER of dictionaries, we see, plans to omit from future editions the words "nigger," "coon," "sheeny," "dago," and "wop." His idea is a dictionary shouldn't contain terms of racial opprobrium. We admire the spirit behind this decision, but we wonder what will happen to the lexicographer's art if publishers become social-minded. Once you start pitching words out of the dictionary, as you might pitch a bad fish out of the window, there is no telling where to stop. The word "first" would have to go, since it forms part of America First, a society composed of enemies of the people. The words "foreign" and "policy" would have to go, since they form a political phrase that is full of high-test opprobrium. At this rate, the dictionary would shrink fast. We think publishers had better retain the word "nigger" and simply add to the definition a crisp thumbnail sketch of those who regularly employ the word.

A LABEL is a lovesome thing, as any child knows who buys candy bars. Our own candy buying reached its peak many years before the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act took hold, and we gladly accepted unwrapped gumdrops and licorice shoelaces from the horny paw of Ice Cream Joe in front of P.S. 2. Today there is more real pleasure, more wholesome delight, more nourishment in candy buying, and a lot of the satisfaction is right in the label. Take a child who is all hopped up on vitamins from his breakfast food and who is considering the purchase of a tidbit known as a Delicia Bar to top off with—he doesn't have to buy blindly, as we did, or with the hot, undiscriminating haste of a kid lusting for free sugar. He can learn from the wrapper what he is getting into: "Chocolate Coating with added Lecithin, an Emulsifier, and Vanillin, an artificial flavor; Filling consisting of Sugar and Dextrose, Hydrogenated Vegetable Oil, Crushed Almonds, Peach or Apricot Kernels, Cocoa, Natural Flavor; Wafers consisting of Flour, Non-Fat Dry Milk Solids, Powdered Egg Yolk, Starch, Hydrogenated Vegetable Oil, Leavening, and Salt." Almost a full meal before he ever gets to the candy.

A HISTORIAN at N.Y.U. has written in complaining of our dogmatism, our muddleheadedness, and our stupidity. "I expect," he says, "clear thinking." (Usually, when anybody says he expects clear *thinking*, he means he expects thinking with which he agrees.) The Professor is annoyed by our recent remarks about the right to work (the right to a job). "I see no reason," he says, "why free enterprise cannot be made to operate in such a way as to provide jobs for everybody." Neither do we. But we see no reason, either, why a professor should confuse jobs for everybody with the right to work. Full employment is an excellent idea. We are for it, have been for it, and shall continue to be for it. The right to work is a different-colored horse—or so it seems to us. We doubt that we are for it, or ever shall be. Let's pose a hypothetical question: Suppose N.Y.U. were to discover that one of its professors was confusing *jobs for all* with the *right to work*. Should the Professor, or should he *not*, have the right to continue on the payroll, implanting such dogmatic (different from ours), such muddleheaded (different from ours), and such stupid (different from ours) notions in the heads of the young?

WE hope the Senate will ratify without delay the Charter of the United Nations. We wish the nations had chosen to set up something more businesslike and more costly than a league, but they didn't, and the best this country can do now is join up and start making improvements fast. The principles expressed in the Charter are high. The purposes expressed are good. The preamble begins, "We the people . . ." The spirit at San Francisco was democratic. Therefore we hope the United States will go in boldly and get wet all over and see what can be done to turn the United Nations into a union that can serve the needs of humanity, for they are great. And on this occasion we recognize the fears expressed by Senator Harlan J. Bushfield in a radio address—fears that membership in the league will place our sovereignty in the hands of "foreigners." Every step in the unification process that is going on in the world has aroused just such fears and hesitancies and horrors. Josiah Quincy, congressman from Massachusetts, put it beautifully in 1819, when Alabama was being admitted to statehood.

"You have no authority," he said, "to throw the rights and property of this people into the 'hotch-potch' with the wild men on the Missouri, nor with the mixed, though more responsible race of Anglo-Hispan-Gallo-Americans who bask on the sands in the mouth of the Mississippi. . . . Do you suppose the people of the Northern and Atlantic States will, or ought to, look with patience and see Representatives and Senators from the Red River and Missouri pouring themselves upon this and the other floor, managing the concerns of a seaboard fifteen hundred miles, at least, from their residence?"

The wind has been blowing on Capitol Hill for a hundred and twenty-five years, and the words of Josiah Quincy still haunt the conscience of men of good fear. But the planet rolls on. Even as we sit here copying down the 1819 argument of the Gentleman from Massachusetts, one of Missouri's wild men is sitting in a foreign land, in Potsdam, with a wild Englishman and a wild Russian, trying to make the world less hotchy, less potchy, more of a piece.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: At the Stadium concerts, the part of the audience that sits on the roofs of the nearby apartment houses joins in the applause by blinking flashlights.

There is (or was) a firm in Berlin that manufactured precision thread-rolling machines under the company name of Pee-Wee Maschinen und Apparatebau.

Sheffield's delivers milk to the Farm-in-the-Zoo in Bronx Park.

•

Tabs, Shafts, and Toggles

MAJOR MURRAY FERDERBER, A.A.F., a stocky, energetic man in his early forties, is chief of the Convalescent Rehabilitation Service at the Mitchel Field hospital. One afternoon recently he showed us his latest undertaking, which bears at the moment the rather unnerving title of Disassembling Project. In a low-ceilinged workshop at the hospital, Ferderber has set a number of hospitalized Air Forces men to taking apart brand-new but already obsolete units of the automatic pilot made for use in heavy bombers. The units had barely been finished when a better automatic pilot was invented. The manufacturer, who was forbidden by government regulation to use his own employees for disassembling work (presumably because of the manpower it would require), was all set to hammer and chop up the units and sell them for mixed metal scrap. That is the usual fate of obsolete equipment whose secret design must be protected. Ferderber got wind of what was going on and said to the manufacturer, "Give me those parts. We'll disassemble them for you. We'll sort the parts so that you can sell them for salvage and all those precious priority materials will find their way back into industry." Major Ferderber is, as his oration demonstrates, an eloquent and persuasive fellow, and he got the units. As mutilated scrap, they would have been worth almost nothing. With the parts intact, they bring from two to four dollars a unit. Further, the manufacturer, who sells the salvaged material, has agreed that the proceeds be set aside for the benefit of convalescent service men at Mitchel Field. It was also agreed between Ferderber and the manufacturer that the men could help themselves to any parts they want for building or repairing their radios, cameras, and so on, or for the making of gadgets of their own design, which is part of the rehabilitation scheme.

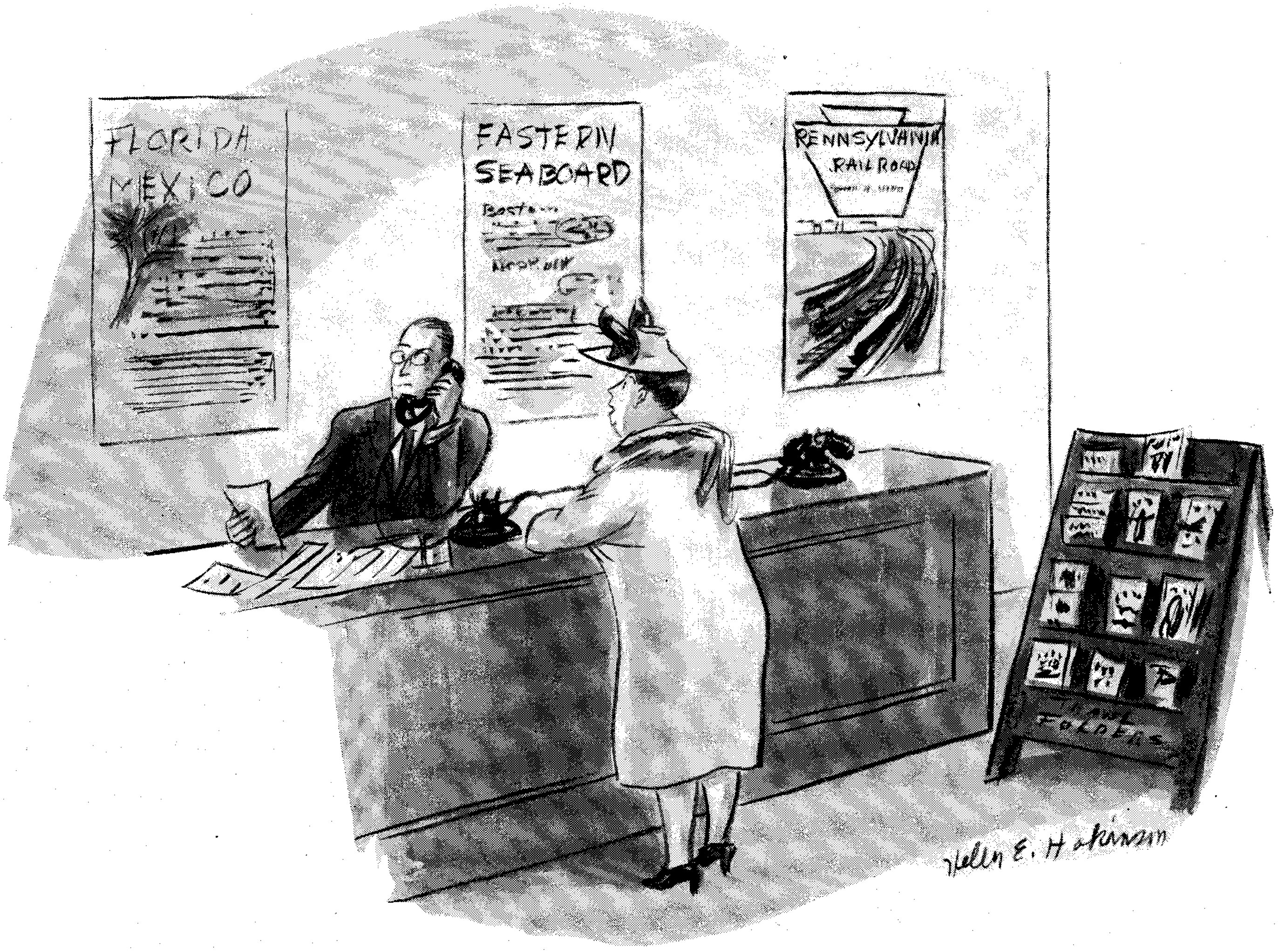
We asked Ferderber about the therapeutic value of disassembling automatic pilots. "Simplicity is the thing," he said. "Before I got in the Army, I had a research fellowship in industrial hygiene at the University of Pittsburgh Medical School. Before I took over this particular job, I ran a school here for the training of personnel for rehabilitation work. I've thought a good deal about all this and it seems to me that a boy who's just back from combat wants a simple job at first but a job that's interesting. Well, this project is simple, but it's also fun. It helps a boy settle down and it encourages him to go on to more complex work, like building a radio. It makes for a productive convalescence. The hospitalized kids have to take medical therapy and physical training, but *this* work is voluntary. I don't want to anchor them to any useless theories about what they ought to be doing, so if they decide to skip this, it's O.K. with me. Of the two hundred men in our convalescent program, seventy-five per cent have chosen to work here."

Ferderber, who says he has about three thousand ideas for rehabilitation, introduced us to a T/5 who was starting to dismantle a control panel, a black, boxlike affair, about nine by ten inches, that had three dials across the top. He was a sandy-haired boy, with a long, freckled face and long, freckled hands. He left Okinawa only a couple of weeks ago. "Sometimes you feel kind of sore about everything," he said to us. "You feel like hitting somebody." He banged a pair of pliers against the panel, then quickly unfastened three meters, six luminous toggle switches, thirty-one wires, and two electromagnetic relays, naming each part for us as he went along. "Ripping one of these things apart is almost as good as hitting somebody," he said.

The T/5 told us that the men like to keep the toggle switches. They are handy in all sorts of ways: one man rebuilt an old phonograph and put in a bomb-sight toggle switch for turning it on and off. The insulation on the thirty-one wires in the panel is of various colors, to indicate various functions; such wire is fine for making girls' bracelets. The men have fitted the electromagnetic relays onto doorbells, car horns, electric organs, and juke boxes. A part of the automatic pilot known as the trim tab (it helps control the plane's rudder in flight) has a one-tenth-horsepower motor, about the size and shape of a can of baked beans. One young sergeant has worked out a way of swivelling his heavy camera with it. The men also find that the gears, shafts, and bearings that come out of the trim tab are handy for making coaster wagons, doll carriages, and such for the children back home. The trim tab has a device called the micro-switch, employed in peacetime in incubators for baby chicks and in pin-ball machines. So far, the men have found no new uses for it, but, as the T/5 said to us, "There's no guessing what we'll invent when we get to thinking hard enough. We're only just at the beginning."

Inside Job

A COLORED girl who works for a lady we know was robbed of some of her clothes last week. The fact that only her best clothes were missing, she said, made her suspect that it was the work of a false friend. "Don't nobody but your friends



"There won't be a German prisoner in the lower berth, will there?"

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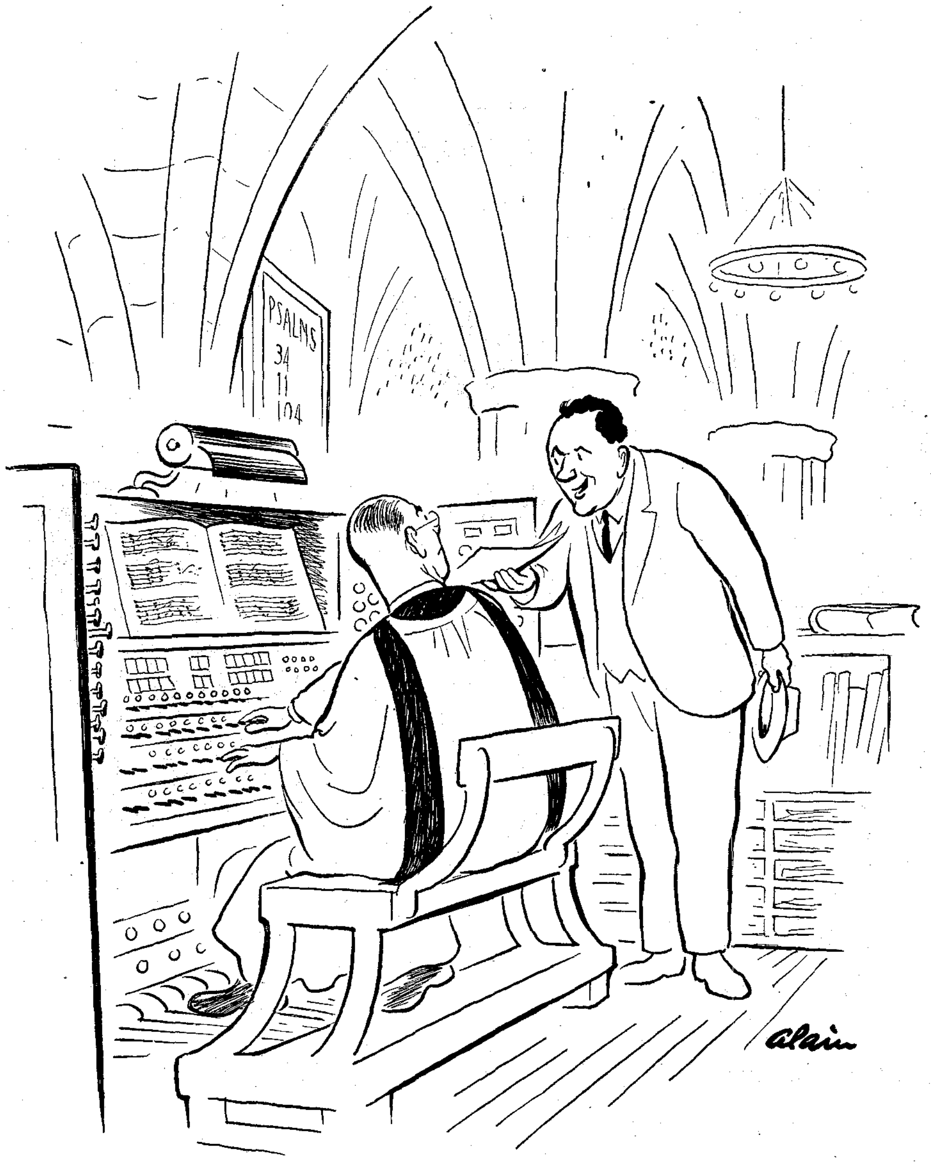
do that to you," she remarked. "They get real close to you and pick out what they want."

200 Rooms

HERE are some facts about the Neues Palais, or New Palace, in Potsdam, where a certain houseparty is now in progress. The Palais is not to be confused (at any rate, not by us) with Potsdam's Stadt-Schloss, where Frederick the Great lived in his youth and where his father drilled the Potsdam Giants, those outsized grenadiers who were shanghaied from all parts of Europe to lend an air of stately elegance to the Prussian military. Nor is it to be confused with Sans Souci, another of Frederick's palaces in Potsdam, a pleasant little one-story palace where he spent most of his time between wars, where Voltaire visited him, and where Frederick died. The Neues Palais was built by Frederick at the end of the Seven Years' War to demonstrate to his enemies that he still had plenty of dough left. Whether or not he was personally well heeled, the palace was built with money taken from a fund set up for the relief of war widows and wounded soldiers and for the rebuilding of devastated areas. Frederick chose to declare Potsdam a devastated area and further announced that he was building the palace to "give work to the unemployed."

The building of the palace kept a large number of people busy from 1763 through 1769. As impatient clients are likely to do, Frederick quarrelled with his architects, finally worked out the design for himself, and botched the job. For one thing, the building turned out to have almost no corridors; one room simply opened into another. Frederick kept on building rooms until he got to two hundred. That, being a round number, must have seemed a good point to stop. When Kaiser Wilhelm II took over the place, in the late nineteenth century, he and the Empress found that they had to walk through the bed and dressing rooms of four of their princely children in order to get from their private dining room to their private sitting room. They never did much about it. Nearly every room contains a large black fireplace with an "F" carved in the middle of the mantelpiece, standing for you know who. The interior was once described as being decorated with "quivering stalactites and gilded latticework" and the exterior walls are red brick. The structure has two cupolas that look like cherries on a banana split. In general, the style is a late, somewhat hysterical version of rococo.

From Frederick's death to the days of Wilhelm II, the place was occupied mostly by second-string royalty. Then the late Kaiser's mother, the Empress Victoria, lived there, became fond of the place, and went so far as to put in running water here and there on the premises and to install a couple of zinc bathtubs. She was a daughter of Queen Victoria and was constantly sus-



"It's a little fugue I wrote. I was hoping you might plug it at vespers."

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pected of plotting against the German state. The Kaiser disliked her, and as soon as he reached the throne, in 1888, he evicted her. He and his family spent most of their time there until late in 1918, when he headed for Doorn. At first Wilhelm and his wife slept in a wide, tapestry-hung bed that Madame de Pompadour was supposed to have presented to Frederick the Great, but it wasn't long before that was supplanted by two modern, shiny brass bedsteads made in England. Wilhelm also installed electric lights, but he never got around to attempting central heating. He and his family used only fifty-eight of the two hundred rooms. Two of these were filled with racks holding the Kaiser's foreign uniforms.

South of the Palais are a deer park and the deer-park railroad station, which is one of the stops on a line running to Berlin. On arriving from the city at night, Wilhelm occasionally decided that he couldn't be bothered making the five-minute trip from the station to his quarters in the palace and would spend the night aboard his train. This meant that the train stayed right where it was, that no freight trains were allowed to pass through the station, no whistles or bells were rung, and local employees of the railroad stood by respectfully all night instead of going home. There have never been such goings on in Missouri.

Easy Does It

WE have a report of a determined old lady on a crowded Third Avenue trolley who, at Ninety-sixth Street, began to work her way toward the rear door, nudging passengers with what our informant calls a reticule and saying that she had to get off at Forty-eighth Street. By the time the trolley reached Fiftieth Street, only one passenger, a thin, distinguished-looking man with a waxed white mustache and a homburg hat, stood between her and her goal. The old lady set to work on him with her reticule. "I'm getting off at Forty-eighth Street," she said. "You'll have to get out of my way." The man glanced down at her and said, "It so happens, Madam, that I am also getting off at Forty-eighth Street. The difficulty, if I may say so, is that you take travelling too seriously." He twisted his mustache and the old lady watched him in awe, her reticule dangling. "There's nothing to get excited about," he went on. "You'll find that things always work out if you take it easy. In a word, relax." Having finished his speech, the man bowed, pulled the bell cord, and assisted the lady off the trolley. He was somewhat disturbed to find that the car had by then reached Forty-fourth Street, but after a moment he rallied, offered the lady his arm, and set off with her in the direction of Forty-eighth.

Homeward Bound

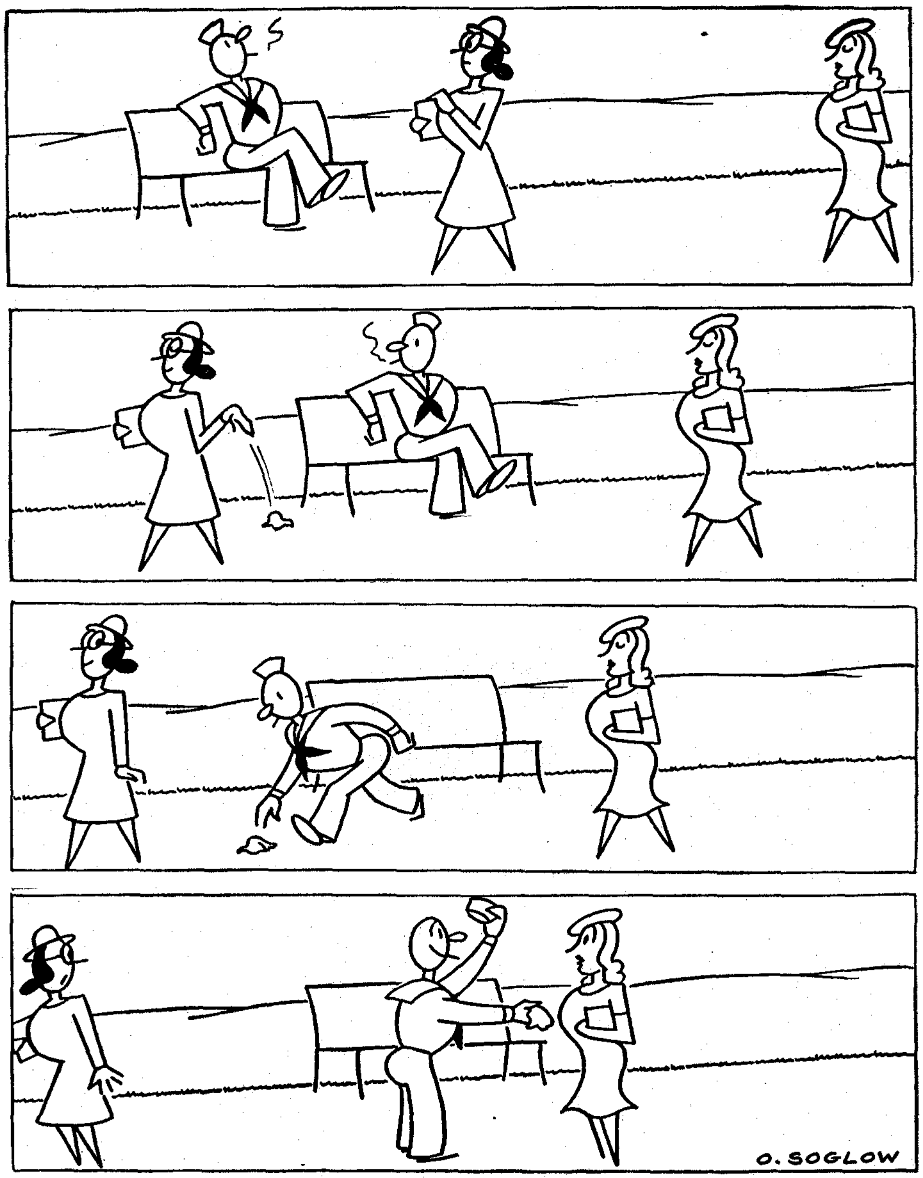
WE looked in on Barry Fitzgerald at a quiet midtown hotel one day last week to talk to him about the visit to Ireland he is going to make as soon as he gets an exit permit. When we arrived, Mr. Fitzgerald was trying desperately to read "War and Peace" but making little headway. "Good God," he said, "I'm supposed to be having a vacation and the bloody telephone never stops its din. And every other moment somebody sends me a telegram asking me to do this and do that. I'm highly harassed, and I'll be damned glad when I'm on my way." Mr. Fitzgerald, who is getting to look more and more like a leprechaun every day, is going home chiefly to visit his sister, a Dublin matron whom he hasn't seen since the war began. He also wants to have another look at the old country. "Now that I've been away so long," he told us, "I'm curious to see how Ireland will appeal to me. As I remember it, it was pretty distinct from California. While I'm there, I'll probably carry a spear in the Abbey Theatre for sentiment's sake, but I've got no intention of appearing in any larger capacity. In the old days, all of us had to carry spears now and then, whatever our standing in the company, and I'll enjoy brandishing one again." He paused to cock an ear in the direction of the bathroom of his suite, where the plumbing was gurgling faintly. "That's a new noise," he remarked thoughtfully. "It's like the sound of a death watch." The telephone rang. "I defy it to rouse me," said Mr. Fitzgerald. It rang again. "Och," he said, "I haven't the stamina to sit here while it jangles."

After Fitzgerald had pleaded with whoever it was on the phone to head off some of the people who were looking for him, he said that his stay in New York is being largely devoted to going to the theatre and looking up old friends. "It's difficult for me nowadays," he remarked, "to go about with any degree of freedom. There are times when I think it would be nice to go to some bar and have a fine, foolish, mock-serious conversation with a friend, with all the world surging around me. But when I go, I barely lift a glass before somebody is leaning over me and telling me how wonderful I was with the turkey leg in 'Going My Way.' There's a lot to be said for a career as a librarian or accountant. Sometimes I wish I'd never left the civil service in Ireland." We asked Fitzgerald what the chances were of his returning to the theatre in "Juno and the Paycock" or "The Plough and the Stars" and he said, "Ah, I don't think I'll be doing much outside of Hollywood for a good while. You know, it's not at all bad living out there—about as quiet a place as I've ever been. I very seldom go out, except to take a spin on my motor bike—which the studio hates to have me ride—or to have dinner with my friends. There are a good many of the old Abbey group out there, but I don't see them as often as I'd like to." We inquired about the half-Indian who serves as his companion, valet, housekeeper, friend, and stand-in in Hollywood. "A fine character," said Fitzgerald. "He does all kinds of things for me, including holding the book on me when I rehearse lines. He doesn't offer any criticism of my readings. I guess he knows that I always like my own version of a part just a bit better than anybody else's." Besides motorcycle riding, Fitzgerald has lately become interested in music and is currently practicing on the piano, which he expects to master before senility descends upon him. His brother, Arthur Shields, who used to direct and act with the Irish Players, is now directing and acting in Hollywood, and Fitzgerald sees a good deal of him.

Fitzgerald has had no easy time getting used to the antics of the Hollywood publicity people. "They keep asking me for something with a *story*," he said, "which is an open temptation not to tell the truth at all. There was one lady with glasses asked me what my ambition was and I told her I'd like to be rich enough to own a team of elephants. I'm damned if she didn't believe me." Fitzgerald won an Academy Award for his performance as a priest in "Going My Way," but he says he hasn't been cast as a priest since. "I don't mind being a priest a bit, though," he said. "The rôle is an easy one as long as the lines are satisfactory. There's a tendency in Hollywood, you know, to regard an Irishman as a funny character no matter what he does, and sometimes they make no effort at all to supply reasonable lines." We were curious about Mr. Fitzgerald's reaction to Hollywood's whoopdedoo over "discovering" him in 1944. "I'll repeat the comment of a friend of mine," he said. " 'Fitzgerald was discovered in Dublin, then he was discovered in London, and then he was discovered in New York. Finally he was discovered in Hollywood. The only other place that he'll ever be discovered is in Woodlawn.' "

Perquisite

INTO a stationery-and-candy store on upper Lexington there came two well-dressed gentlemen. One bowed to the proprietor, introduced his companion, and said, "Mr. Smith is subletting my apartment for the rest of the summer. Will you please sell him my cigarettes?"

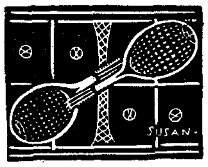


HOW TO KEEP FROM GOING CRAZY IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

OR, A NOTE ON THE FOUNDER OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

CUT off for the past three years from the Museum of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Historical Society; exiled from the Museum of the American Indian, the Museum of Science & Industry, and the Parke-Bernet Galleries; four hours by train from striking distance of the old George Blumenthal house, the Jumel mansion, not to mention the site of the old Peter Cooper house, at No. 9 Lexington Avenue, I have sought solace in the Smithsonian Institution, a multi-building hodgepodge of everything from an 1834 silk dress "made of silk produced from cocoons raised by Abigail Sherwood on her father's farm in Fairfield County, Connecticut" to the first jet-propelled airplane.

I have inspected not only the Smithsonian's treasures but also its history. This dates from 1846, when Congress belatedly voted to accept a bequest of $550,000 left in 1829 by James Smithson, an illegitimate son of the first Duke of Northumberland, to the United States of America "to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Smithson had never visited this country. His unconventional connection with his father, who was married to a Lady Percy, may have given him a chip on the shoulder as far as England was concerned. "The best blood of England flows in my veins," he once wrote. "On my father's side I am a *Northumberland*, on my mother's I am related to kings, but this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten."



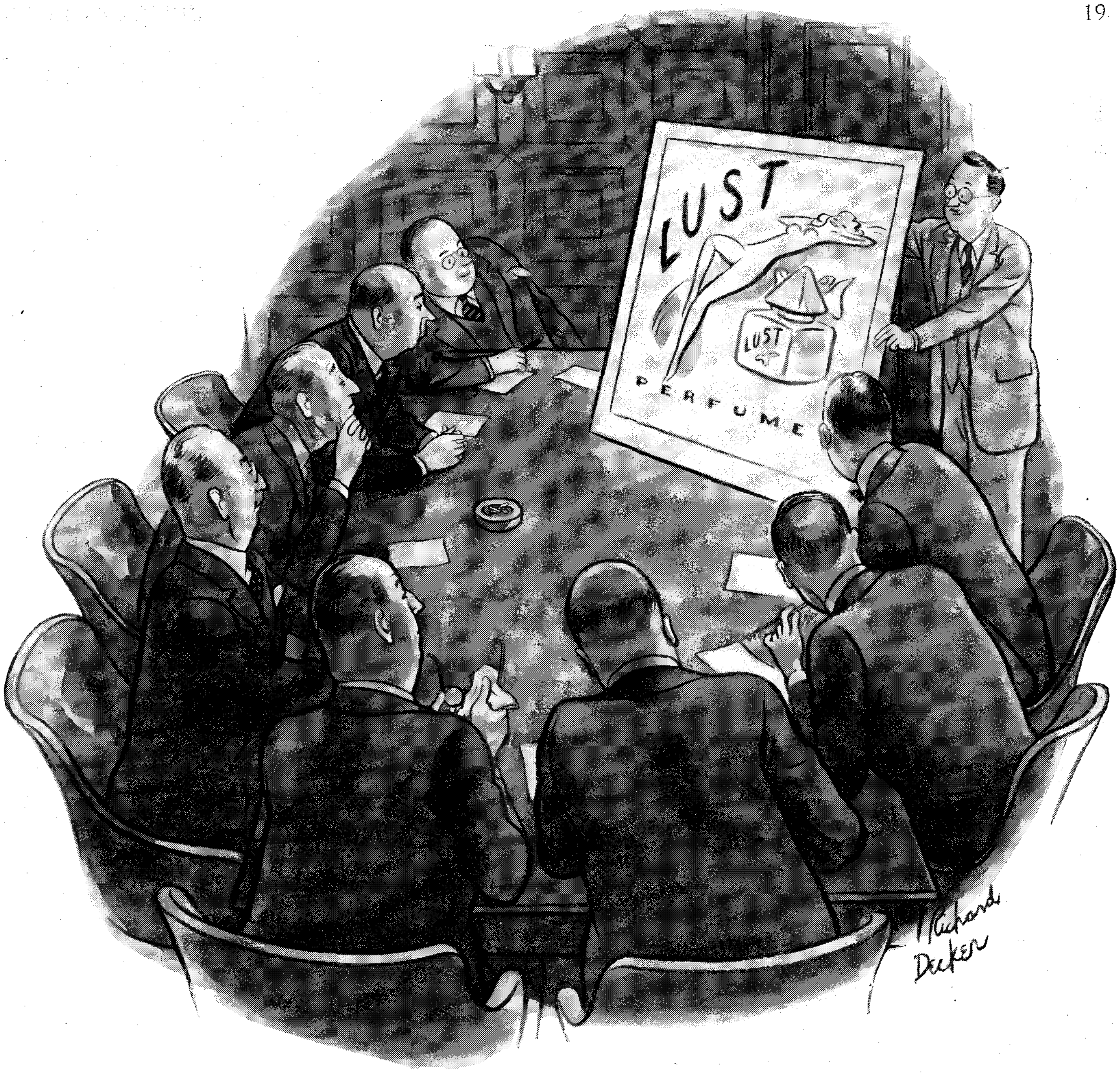
Approximately $1,500,000 has been added to the original Smithsonian endowment and the Institution has been entrusted with collections worth many times that sum. It is governed by a board of regents, headed by Chief Justice Stone, whose responsibilities, in addition to the exhibits already mentioned, include the Spirit of St. Louis, a good deal of sulphur from Gergenti, Sicily, an 1831 locomotive, a 1902 Franklin automobile, an 1876 hand-drawn steam fire engine known as the Lily of the Swamp, dresses of Presidents' wives, some rather faded Cecropia moths, a hell of a big stamp collection, the Alfred Duane Pell collection of spode, a bureau which used to embellish the studio of Eliphalet Fraser Andrews, founder of the W. W. Corcoran School of Art, a family group of Cocopa Indians, busts of Alice Longworth and P. T. Barnum, dinosaur and mastodon skeletons, one of James Smithson's visiting cards, a stuffed Jocose cactus wren (*Campylorhynchus Jocosus*), an upright spinet, or clavicytherium, and a cast of a seventy-eight-foot sulphur-bottom whale.

My passion for these and allied items has caused me to scratch up an acquaintance with a number of men prominent in Smithsonian circles. Dr. Alexander Wetmore, secretary of the Smithsonian and a crackajack avian paleontologist, has permitted me to finger some of his reconstructed birds; Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, retired secretary of the Smithsonian and a noted astrophysicist, has described for me his solar cooker and, scarcely pausing for breath, sung a singularly passionate love song with which he regales the other members of his car pool, a group of young women; Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society and editor of its magazine, has brightened my life in the nation's capital by telling me how, in 1903, when Smithson's body was about to be turned out of its grave in Genoa to make room for a quarry, or part of a quarry, Grosvenor's father-in-law, the late Alexander Graham Bell, a regent of the Smithsonian Institution, personally brought the remains and sarcophagus to Washington to be installed in the Smithsonian's main building.

Against this background of erudition and special knowledge, I hope it will not be necessary for me to pretend that I recently acquired a volume published in 1880 and entitled "James Smithson and His Bequest," by William J. Rhees, simply in order to fill a gap in the shelf on which I keep my dark-green books. I bought Mr. Rhees's book because of prior interest and I have been combing it for significant passages ever since. Smithson was something of a scientist—a bug for analytical chemistry and a member of the Royal Society of London—and it is a description of one of his experiments as outlined at the anniversary meeting of this society in 1830, the year after his death, that struck me as perhaps the most significant passage in the Rhees biography. This passage, which is a quotation from an address by the society's president, Sir Davies Gilbert, runs as follows:

> He [Smithson] was the friend of Dr. Wollaston, and at the same time his rival in the manipulation and analysis of small quantities. Αγαθη δ' ερις ηδε βροτοισι. Mr. Smithson frequently repeated an occurrence with much pleasure and exultation, as exceeding anything that could be brought into competition with it; and this must apologize for my introducing what might otherwise be deemed an anecdote too light and trifling on such an occasion as the present.
>
> Mr. Smithson declared that, happening to observe a tear gliding down a lady's cheek, he endeavored to catch it on a crystal vessel; that one half of the drop escaped, but having preserved the other half, he submitted it to reagents and detected what was then called microcosmic salt with muriate of soda and, I think, three or four more saline substances, held in solution.

IN the interest of science, and in justice to Smithson's memory, I propose to clear up the circumstances of this experiment. Smithson never married, so the lady who furnished this useful tear, or half tear, could not have been his wife. Probably she was not even a friend, since apparently he was in a position to go after only one drop, and, having lost half of it, he surely would have liked more. Ladies, once they get started, produce quite a number of tears in sequence; had Smithson's source of muriate of soda been reasonably coöperative, she would have filled his crystal vessel, thus performing a fuller service to science. Clearly, then, Smithson and the lady were not on the best of terms. There remains the question of what got her started crying and how Smithson caught her at it. He may have stuck a pin in her, on purpose. This would have annoyed her and would account for her refusal of a second tear, but it appears to be ruled out by Smithson's declaration that he *happened* to observe a tear. More likely, he inadvertently said something that stimulated her ducts, and then, the scientist triumphing over the man, ruthlessly whipped out his crystal vessel rather than a decent handkerchief. I gather from the movies that many interesting scientific discoveries have originated in some such unpremeditated fashion, and I suspect that Smithson was sitting next to a young woman at



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a dinner party, around a hundred and twenty years ago, and the following scene was enacted:

Young Woman: Who you leaving your money to, Mr. Smithson?

Smithson: To the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

Young Woman: The States? Why, we were at war with them only a few years ago! Why not leave it to a British institution, such as Boodle's? After all, the best blood of England flows in your veins.

Smithson (*moodily*): Avails me not.

Young Woman: You *must* leave your money to England. On your father's side you are a *Northumberland*, on your mother's you are related to kings.

Smithson: Avails me not. However, my name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten.

Young Woman: You *are* a difficult 'un!

Smithson: To hell with England.

Young Woman: Mr. Smithson, you are a traitor!

Smithson: Another peep out of you and I'll leave my money to found the Chicago *Tribune*.

(*The young lady bursts into tears. Smithson pulls out his crystal vessel, clasps it to her cheek, and tries to catch a drop, only to have half of it escape.*)

Smithson: Damn! Mind if I take another drop?

(*His dinner partner shakes her head, sobbing, and Smithson, after a greedy look at her glistening cheeks, leaves the room for his laboratory while the other guests cry, "For shame!"*)

If my reconstruction of events is correct, Smithson was never asked to another dinner party. He died, a few years later, a kind of martyr to science, for, like many bachelors, he was very fond of dining out.

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

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CHURCHILL INVITES
ATTLEE TO PARLEE
—*Headline in the Times.*

Always clowning, that *Times!*

MANILA

IN the early morning the men were told that their transport was standing off the harbor of Manila, and as the light increased they could see this for themselves. The water of the harbor was blue, but not as blue as the water had been around the atolls, and the harbor was filled with sunken ships. In the distance they could see the buildings of the city, the first city many of them had seen in nearly two years. In the morning light it looked intact—a city with high buildings, with bridges, with traffic on its streets, with bars and stores and theatres and hotels. The troops began to board small boats for the trip to shore and, as they neared the landing place, they saw that Manila had been destroyed. There was no city there. The ruined buildings stood between the harbor and the sky like a mouthful of carious teeth, and the land wind smelled of fire.

Chester Schmidt decided to withhold his decision on Manila until he got a better look at the place. The other men in his platoon were bitterly disappointed, but Chester's tastes were simple. He did not drink and he had never wanted to spend a night in a hotel room. "Now, you can't ever tell about a place until you get into it," he said cheerfully. When his boat landed, the men were marched into a large, fenced area at the edge of the harbor. Here they would wait for motor transportation. A crowd of Filipinos stood on the outside of the wire fence, watching the troops debark. Chester walked over to where they stood. "You got any souvenirs to sell?" he asked.

"Victory Joe," a child called to him. "Hello, Joe, Victory Joe."

"You got any souvenirs to sell?" Chester asked again. He wondered if they spoke English.

"Victory Joe. Hello, Joe," the child called.

"You got any souvenirs—money, hara-kiri knives?" Chester said.

"Money," a boy said. He pulled out of his pocket a wad of bills—Chinese yuan, Japanese centavos and pesos, Indo-Chinese piastres.

"How much?" Chester said.

"Cigarettes," the boy said.

"One peso," Chester said.

"Two pesos," the boy said.

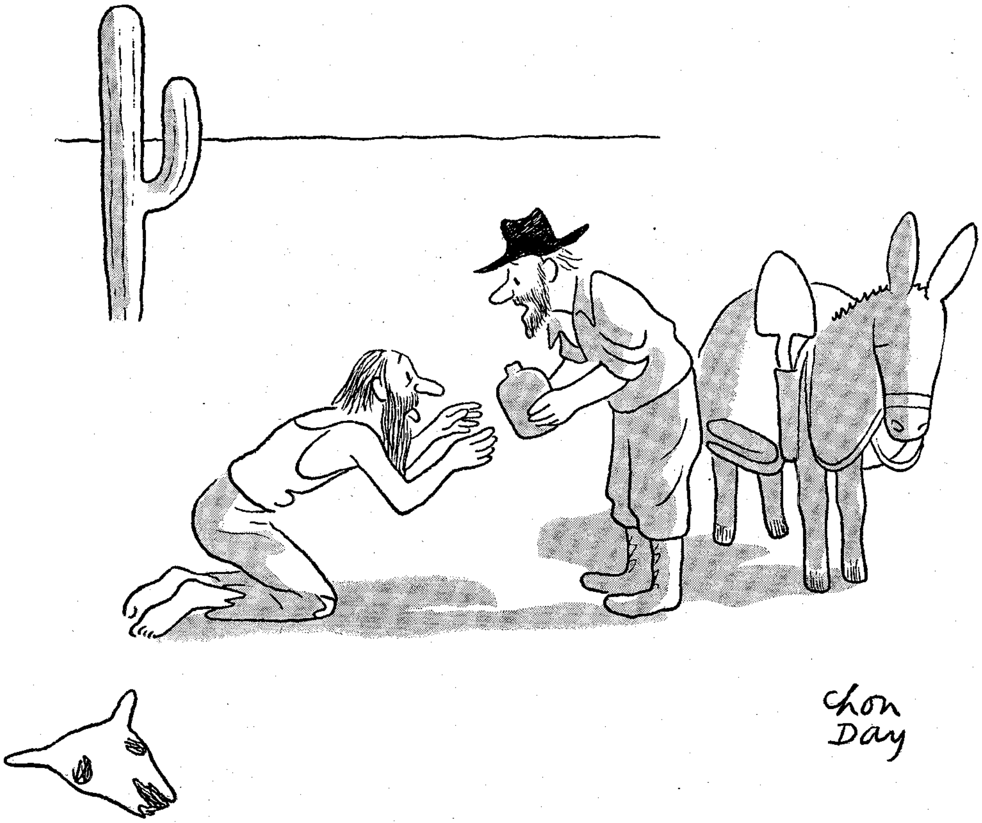
"One peso," Chester said, but he reached into his pocket for two pesos and gave them to the boy for the paper money. Now a dozen other children had come up with money to sell, but military police were patrolling the area, so Chester walked away. He found the men of his platoon sitting on the ground where he had left them. They were service forces, sent from the Marianas, and they wore their packs and blanket rolls like green troops. The ruin of the city had saddened them all. "Why, this ain't going to be such a bad place," Chester said. "Look at the money I got for two pesos, and if there hadn't been M.P.s out there I would have gotten more. Hell, now, there ought to be a lot of goddam Jap souvenirs in there." He pointed to what was left of Manila. "Jap helmets and flags and hara-kiri knives and all that stuff."

SOMETIME later in the morning, the men were loaded onto a truck convoy. The trucks moved slowly along the boulevard at the edge of the bay, then left the bay road for narrower streets that had never been paved. The trucks threw up a high cloud of dust, and women walked along the road with rags over their mouths. The convoy moved even more slowly once it left the bay road, and then it stopped moving altogether. There were dry rice paddies on either side of the road, and when the dust settled Chester saw the wreckage of three Japanese planes in one of the paddies. The planes had been bulldozed into a heap from wherever they had fallen.

Chester looked along the convoy, wondering how long it would be delayed. He decided to take a chance. He dropped his pack, climbed over the side of the truck, and ran across the rice paddies toward the wreckage. A few men called after him, "Hey, Smitty! Hey, where you going?" They saw him disappear in the heap of torn metal.

Chester could see that the planes had been picked clean by other souvenir hunters, but he knew that tastes differ and that there might be something left. There was. On the floor of one of the cockpits he found a smashed altimeter with Japanese characters on its face. He put the altimeter into his shirt and continued to pull at the wreckage. Then he saw a canvas wing painted with the red insigne of the Japanese. This was something he had wanted for a long time, and his hands were shaking as he ripped it out with his pocket knife. He stood there for an instant, faced with the decision of picking over the wreckage more carefully or of returning to the trucks, then walked reluctantly back to the convoy. He was just in time. His friends gave him a lift over the tail gate and the convoy began to stir up the dust again.

After another mile of slow travel, the trucks stopped on a street lined with trees, and behind the trees the men could see the ruins of what had once been a suburb. The company commander consulted a map and each platoon was assigned an area. A detail was picked

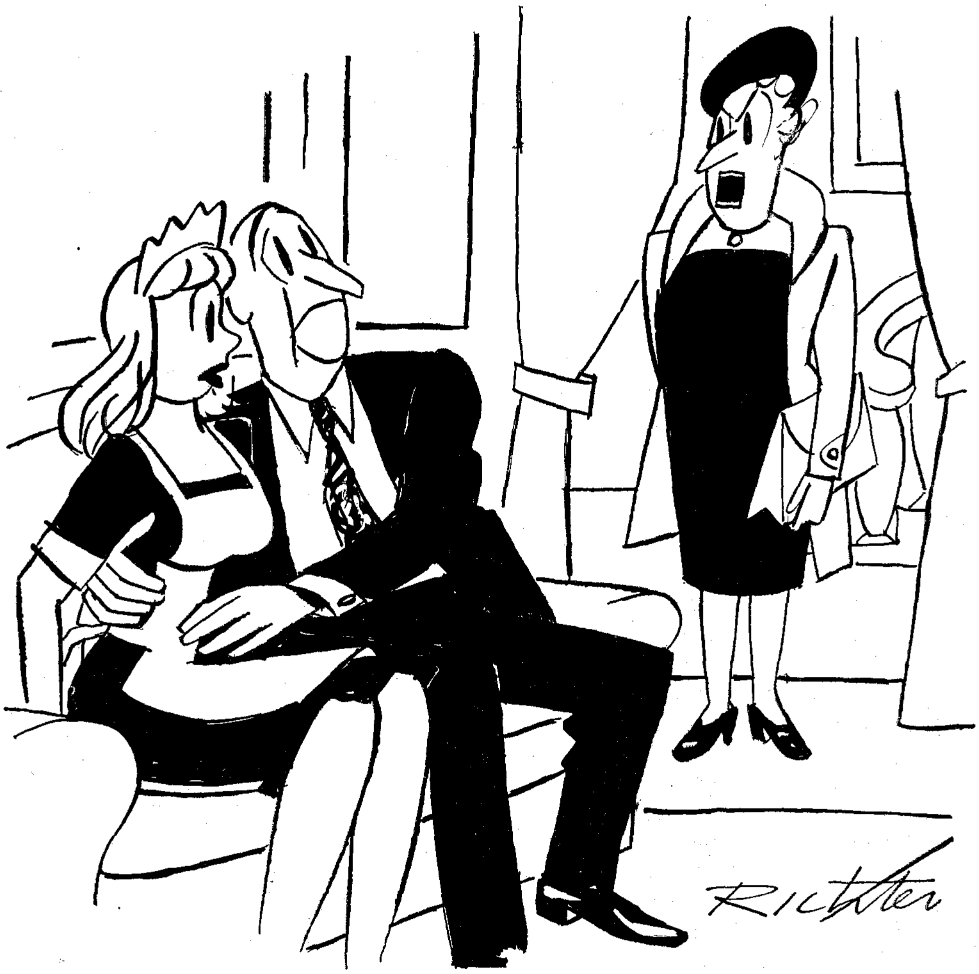


"I'm afraid it's not very cold."

to dig a latrine and shelter halves began to go up. The Japanese had defended the area and the ground was filled with holes and littered with shell casings. The men worked at clearing the area until nearly dark and then they were sent across the road to a Marine encampment for chow.

It was a very hot night. There was no wind to move the stink of the field kitchens or the garbage pit. Artillery was pounding north of the city and it threw a shaking light on the low clouds. After chow, Chester went back to his tent and examined the Japanese altimeter and insigne that he had picked up that afternoon, and from a spare duffelbag he took the rest of his souvenirs. There was a grass skirt from Honolulu, polished sea shells from the Marshall Islands, a crude mother-of-pearl cross from Christmas Island, a native knife and a block of ironwood from the Marianas, and a piece of dyed hemp from the southern Philippines. There was a sock filled with loose sea shells, a collection of foreign currency, a Japanese flag that had cost him thirty dollars on Kwajalein, and a Japanese mail-order catalogue that he had bought from a Marine for five dollars. Chester's interest in souvenirs was so absorbing that he had once tried to transfer to the infantry, feeling that this would put him in a better position to pick up samurai swords, Japanese flags, wristwatches, and hara-kiri knives. In the Marianas there had been nothing to buy but shells and crude basketwork, and he had looked forward to his arrival in Manila for a long time. The Army used Chester as a carpenter, and because of delays in finding lumber there was nothing much for him to do his first days in Manila. His unit had landed on a Thursday, and on Sunday, Chester and some friends hitchhiked down Dewey Boulevard to the Rizal Monument and then walked through the ruins to the river.

The streets of the city were littered with Japanese centavo notes, and Chester stuffed his pockets with them. He looked at the ruins with the unsentimental curiosity of a tourist. The municipal buildings near the river—buildings whose façades had put an emphasis on Civic Virtue, Jurisprudence, and the Lights of Education—had been made of reinforced concrete. The iron reinforcements had weathered the shelling like the durable web of a rug, but the concrete had crumbled. Now, suspended from this iron cage that had c



"Henry! What are you doing downstairs with the upstairs maid?"

Across the Pasig River, near the Chinese quarter, there were some open stores, and Chester began to shop. "You got any hara-kiri knives?" he asked in the first store he went into. All they had for sale were imitation-leather wallets, key rings, and cheap rosaries. Chester went into the next store and the next. "You got any samurai swords, any hara-kiri knives?" he asked. They had occupation currency and live birds with clipped wings to carry on your wrist, they had ice cream and leis and embroidered handkerchiefs and papayas and portraits of General MacArthur, but they had none of the souvenirs Chester wanted. He went into every store and he moved down the street so slowly that the men he was travelling with got impatient and went along without him. Chester did not leave Manila until it began to get dark. He hitched a ride on a Navy truck at the Santa Cruz Bridge. He had bought nothing, and he had looked forward to Manila for so long

tion furlough, you wouldn't take it, would you, Smitty?" someone said. "You wouldn't go home without a hara-kiri knife, would you, even if they gave you a rotation furlough?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you," Chester said seriously. "If they was to give me a furlough, I think I'd ask them could I have it in a month. I been working up to this Manila for nineteen months, and now that I'm here I'd like to get something good to remember it with."

"You want a hara-kiri knife?" a man named Sims asked.

"I might," Chester said.

"I know where there's one," Sims said. "Mr. Hernandez down the road has one. He'll sell it."

"Where's he live at?" Chester said.

"Down on Juan Street," Sims said. "The third house. My jeep broke down in front of his place and he asked me and Lieutenant Melton into his house and gave us some papayas. We saw the knife."

"Where's he live at?" Chester asked

then, but it was dark and his feet were still burning from the trip to the city.

AFTER work the next night, Chester walked down to Juan Street. The house he had been directed to was a small building that had been damaged by strafing. The walls and the roof were full of holes. Chester knocked on the door and a thin, dark-skinned man with gold teeth opened it to him.

"I'm from the camp down the road," Chester said. "Sims down there says you got a hara-kiri knife and I'd sure like to see it. I only seen one and that was in Honolulu."

"Any American soldier is welcome to my home," the man said. He seemed very tired. "I am Mr. Hernandez," he said. Chester told him his name and they shook hands. Then Mr. Hernandez stood back against the open door and motioned Chester into the house. The room he entered was light and bare, and light showed through the bullet holes in the walls. The floor was highly polished and there were a few pieces of Chinese furniture around the walls. There were two women in the room, and Mr. Hernandez introduced them to Chester as his wife and daughter.

The daughter, like her father, looked Spanish. Mrs. Hernandez was a small-boned Filipino and she wore the national costume of the Philippines. The starched shoulders of her dress extended nearly a foot beyond her thin body, a scarf was tied around the waist of her long skirt, and the skirt was looped up at the sides to show a starched lace petticoat. She wore earrings and a necklace set with light-purple stones, and her grace filled Chester with respect. He felt that he should have worn a clean uniform.

"You are interested in my knife," Mr. Hernandez said. "My father bought the knife many years ago as a curio from some Moros." He went into another room and returned with the knife. The scabbard was round and was made of leather, and when he unsheathed the knife, Chester saw that the blade was clean and sharp.

"That's the real thing, all right," Chester said.

"What part of the United States do you come from?" Mrs. Hernandez asked politely.

"Cross Forks, Pennsylvania," Chester said. "My father's got a farm there."

"So you are a farmer," Mr. Hernandez said. He sheathed the knife and turned to put the knife on the table, Chester had seen that his pants were patched in the seat.

"How much do you want for the knife?" Chester said.

"I am not selling the knife," Mr. Hernandez said politely.

"I'll give you fifty pesos," Chester said.

"My knife is not for sale," Mr. Hernandez said.

"In the city you can find many fine souvenirs of the Philippine Islands," Mrs. Hernandez told Chester. "I have seen pearls there and Japanese money and stamps. I suggest that you buy stamps. Many of the soldiers buy stamps for souvenirs. They say that in your country there are five million people who collect stamps."

"I'll give you seventy-five pesos for the knife," Chester said.

"I am not selling souvenirs," Mr. Hernandez said. "I am not selling anything. During the occupation I sold to the Japanese my cameras, my car, my wife's clothing; I sold them everything so that I would not have to work for them. Now I have very little left. I do not want to sell anything."

"Things are different now," Mrs. Hernandez said sadly. "Mr. Hernandez was a fat man. In the occupation he lost eighty pounds."

"I'll give you a hundred pesos, a carton of cigarettes, and a mattress cover," Chester said.

"I will not sell the knife," Mr. Hernandez said.

"Well, you won't get no more than a hundred pesos," Chester said crossly. "I'm telling you that now. I'll pay a fair price, but I won't pay no more than a fair price, and if you're holding out for a higher price you're going to be sorry." He went to the door and started out. "We come over here and liberate you people and you want too much money for everything," he said as he went out. "I won't pay no more than a fair price."

CHESTER went back to his tent and began to polish some of the sea shells he had brought from the Marianas. He had been there about an hour when someone shouted, "Hey, Smitty, you got callers!" He looked up from his
Mrs. Hernandez and her daugh

TODAY'S HOROSCOPE

Indications are for a day of conflict and indecision,
With the emotions held in check by a rather sluggish state of mind.
Watch your step. Travel at your own risk.
Be on your guard against agreements or promises of any kind.

All documents should be sound and clear to the understanding.
Make certain of the details. Take heed of all particulars.
Direct the mentality always into safe channels.
There are prognostications of disaster in the stars.

Safeguard the possessions against unforeseen loss;
Stocks and bonds and other securities may fall.
Protect the reputation and domestic well-being from treachery.
Beware of whatever is out there in the hall.

Those whose birthday it is may encounter a year
Of contradictory situations. Take no unwarranted chances.
Keep to your side of the street. Look both ways before crossing.
Preserve your balance. Refrain from all extravagances.

A child born on this day may have generous impulses,
With hopes and ambitions beyond his talents or means.
Part of him will never laugh. There is cause for alarm.
Let him look under beds, and behind doors and screens.

Be apprehensive of all relations with man, woman, or child.
Let not the smile spread to the eyes. Surrender that dream.
When you wake the world will be changed.
The conjunction of the planets is inauspicious in the extreme.

—Samuel Yellen

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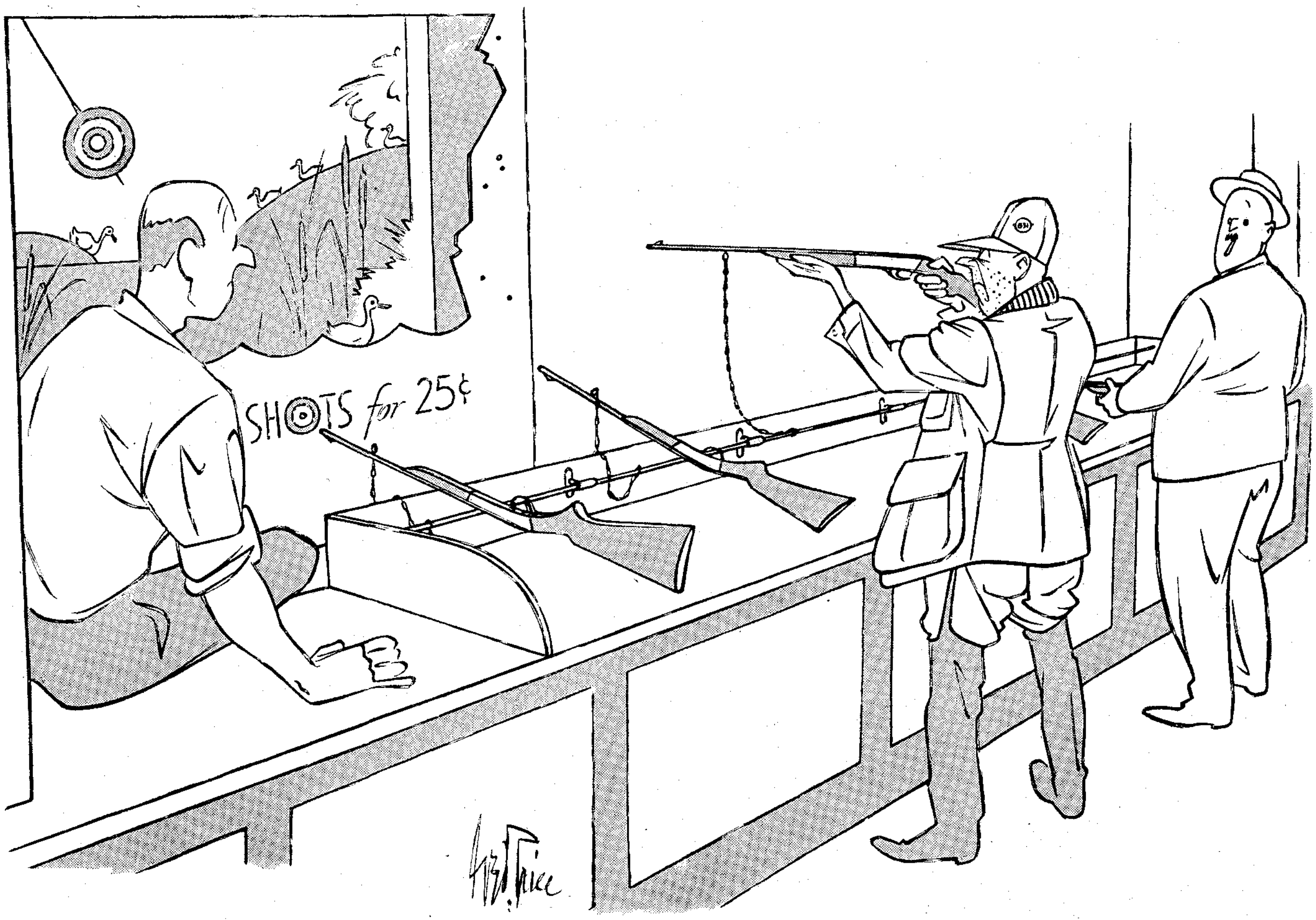

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held her heavy skirt in one hand to keep it out of the dirt. Chester went to meet them. "Mr. Hernandez would like to give you the knife," Mrs. Hernandez said, and she handed him the knife. "We did not know you wanted it so much. We would like you to have it."

"I'll give you a hundred pesos," Chester said.

"Mr. Hernandez would like to give you the knife," Mrs. Hernandez said.

"I can't take that knife from you without paying you something," Chester said.

"We want you to have the knife," Mrs. Hernandez said. "You must not pay us anything. You are very welcome to the knife." She turned and, followed by her daughter, started back toward the road. Chester stood there, holding the knife. He did not quite know what had happened. Their goodness bewildered him and he sat down in front of his tent, trying to measure a generosity that had survived the miles and miles of bitter-smelling ruins that had been a city. He sat there for a long time, concealing the knife under his jacket so that no one would ask him what he had paid for it.

It was late when he put the knife into his duffelbag with the other souvenirs and went across the road for chow. The sun had set and the artillery had begun to light the sky. There was no electricity in that part of Manila and the only light came from the green gasoline lamps hung above the field stoves. Chester ate his chow and walked over to the garbage pit to clean his mess gear. Then he saw the old men, the scavengers, standing in the grove of trees by the pit. They were always there. They did not seem to be begging—there was not an asking glance from any one of them—but the Marine ahead of Chester went to where they stood and emptied into a can that one of them was holding the remains of his supper and the dregs of his coffee. Chester did the same. Then he heard the hacking cry of a child, and deeper in the grove he saw the child. A woman was holding it and trying to quiet it.

The chow line had dispersed. Chester went back to the milk can, filled his canteen cup, and walked over to the woman and the child. "I guess your baby would like to get some milk into him, wouldn't he, now?" Chester said. He handed her his cup and spoon, and she smiled and sat on a stump and began to feed the child with the spoon. "Of course, it ain't real milk," Chester said. "It's that dehydrated milk. It don't taste nothing like the real milk we have at home. I've got a baby at home. I never saw her." The woman didn't reply and he decided that she couldn't speak English. The child was drinking hungrily from the big tin spoon, and the woman watched with anxiety and tenderness. Chester watched the feeding himself and, as he watched, he shivered violently and unaccountably. His mother would have said that someone had walked across his grave. Then he thought he was going to cry. The child fell asleep before the cup was empty. The woman remained seated by Chester, watching the artillery fire on the clouds. She stayed there until a cool breeze started up from the harbor, and then she thanked Chester for the milk in a language he could not understand and walked away.

—John Cheever

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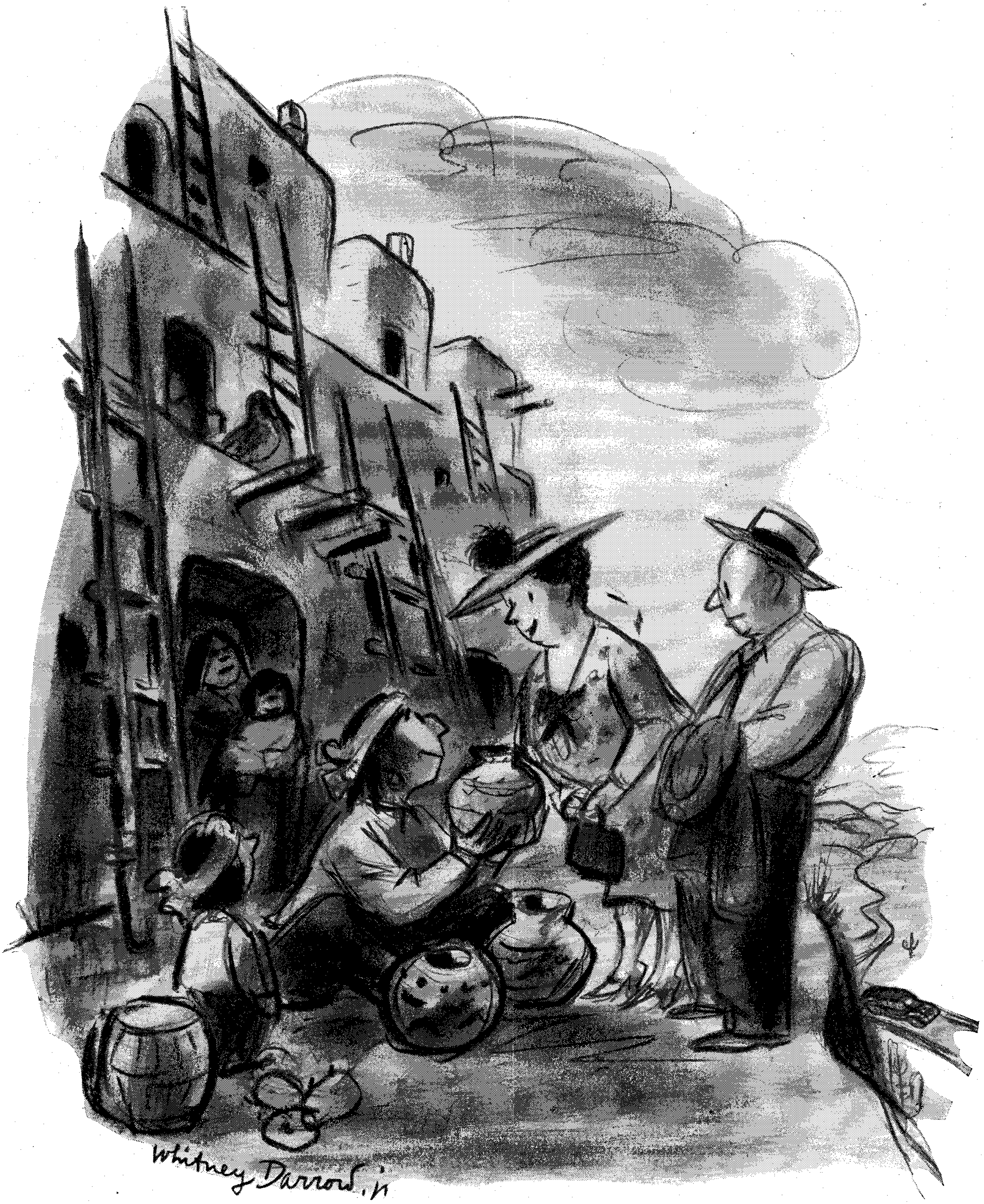
Lv. LOS ANGELES 9:00 a.m. *Mon.*
Ar. NEW YORK 9:00 a.m. *Mon.*

Airmen firmly believe that this timetable, representing a cross-continent flight in the three-hour time difference between the coasts, will eventually be fact.—*Time.*

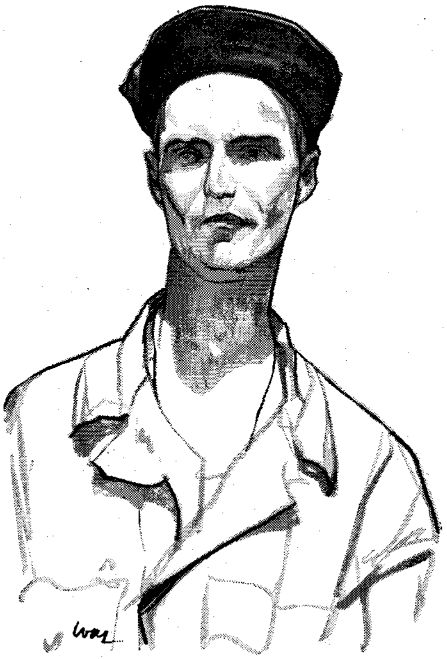
Any airman want to place a little bet?



"No, no thank you. We just wondered if by chance you had any vacancies."

PROFILES

THE BRILLIANT JUGHEAD



John Daniel Ramey

UNTIL a few days ago, Private John Daniel Ramey was a jughead. That, at any rate, is what the permanent cadre of the Army school for illiterates near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, calls the students, and up to very recently Ramey was one of them. The school, officially known as the Special Training Unit of the 3384th Service Unit, is a remarkable place at which an absolute illiterate can, in about three months' time, pick up the equivalent of a fifth-grade or sixth-grade facility in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The Pennsylvania S.T.U. now turns out brand-new literates at the rate of two hundred a week, and since its activation, on July 12, 1943, the school has graduated a hundred and five classes, or something over thirteen thousand men.

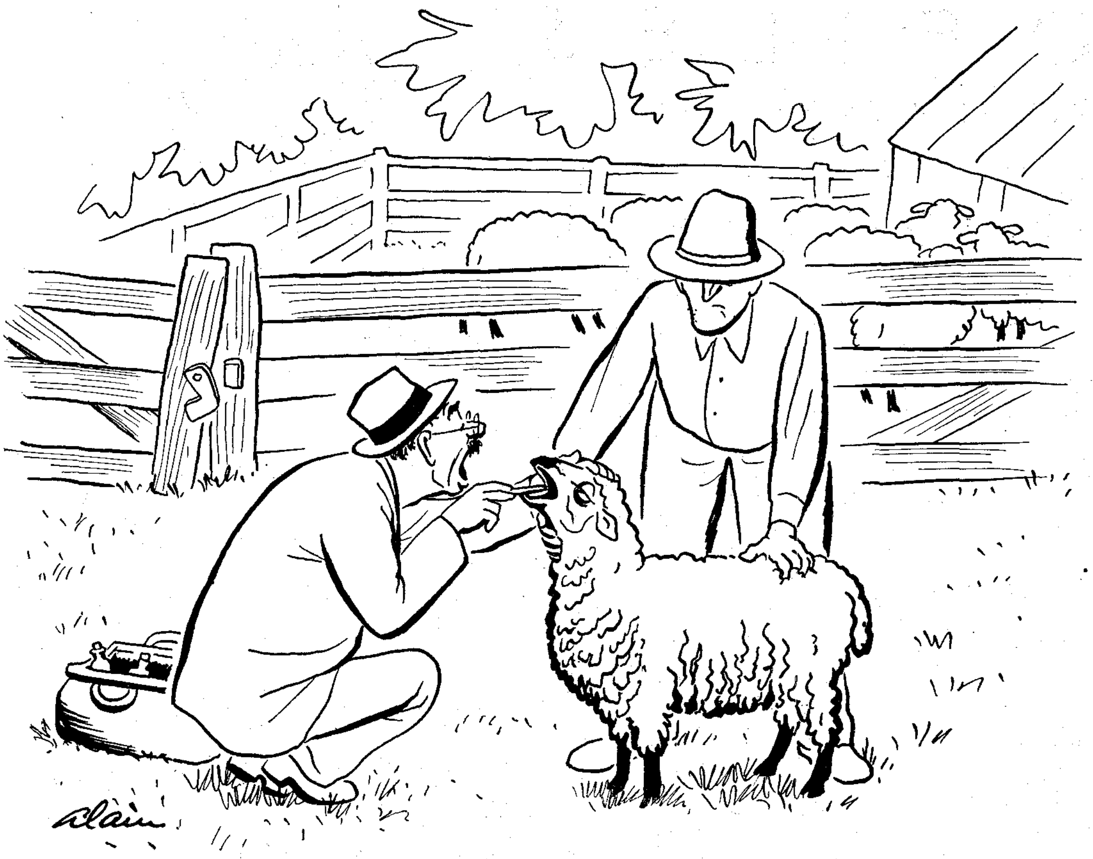
The Pennsylvania unit is not the only Army school for illiterates. It could not possibly handle the traffic alone. Most of us have come to take literacy for granted, and yet there are still five million illiterates in the United States, one person in every thirty. In due course the able-bodied men among the illiterates have been drafted. There are in all fourteen Special Training Units like the one in Pennsylvania to take care of them. So far, these schools have taught more than two hundred and fifty thousand men to read and write. That is the equivalent of seventeen American divisions; thirteen divisions won the Battle of the Bulge, six took Okinawa. In a sense, at least, by a kind of displacement, the men whom the Army's schools have salvaged from illiteracy have made possible some great victories. But far more important than that, these schools have given a very large number of Americans a marvellous new skill. The Special Training Units have opened blind eyes; they have given men, quite suddenly, the thrilling, frightening trick of knowledge.

To the soldiers of the permanent cadres that run these units, the excitement implicit in their work is understandably dimmed by everyday living with men much less educated than they themselves are. The members of the cadre at the Pennsylvania school cannot be blamed, really, for the mild intellectual snobbery that makes them call the students jugheads. But in many cases the epithet is unjustly applied. It certainly is in that of Private Ramey. There is some debate around the post about the origin and exact definition of the term "jughead." The word antecedes the school, but there is at least one sergeant in the cadre who thinks he invented it. An officer of the post, a Southerner, recollects it from his boyhood. "A jughead," he says, "is a human mule. I grew up trying to push jugheaded mules around on the farm." A definition attributed to the commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Wellington B. Searls, requires some acquaintance with the habits of fowl, for he compares a jughead to "a duck in a thunderstorm." During electrical storms, a duck, in dull panic, hunches his wing shoulders forward, withdraws most of his head under the forward part of one wing, and tucks his bill under the other, so that he seems not to have any head at all. One of the students of the school, who, like many of his fellows, is a Virginian from the hills, put the matter to me this way the other day. "What," he asked, "has a jug got in it when you pour all the liquor out of it into your neck?"

A few of the students are heartbreakingly slow, but not many. The school has been able to graduate ninety-three per cent of the men assigned to it, and only two per cent have been discharged under Section Eight, which defines men who are hopelessly unqualified for military life. The rest of the discharges have been medical or disciplinary. When draftees come up for induction, they are given a literacy test consisting of what seems to most men very simple questions. There are thirty-five questions. Anyone who cannot answer at least nine correctly is classed as illiterate. Illiterates are then given two further tests, which screen out most of the unsalvageables. Men who pass these screening tests are assigned to Special Training Units.

Private Ramey, who was assigned to the Pennsylvania school toward the end of March, 1945, could hardly be called a typical jughead. There is, in fact, no typical illiterate, any more than there is a typical college graduate. Ramey is above whatever average there is. He finished the course, which usually takes twelve weeks, in ten. By jughead standards, Ramey is brilliant. He says that he was often embarrassed, when he was a civilian, by not being able to read and write, but the surprising thing about his life before the war is how much he, an illiterate, was able to do for himself: at one time he owned a house, ran a small coal mine employing twenty-eight men, and had two automobiles, the better of which was a Mercury with, as he says, "one of them cloth tops on it," bought brand-new. The fact that he is above average makes him especially grateful for the opportunities, the amazements, opened up for him by being introduced, for the first time in his life, to the written word.

RAMEY is thirty years and eight months old. He is a small, quiet man. He has blue eyes, black hair, and a deeply ruddy complexion, and two of his front teeth are crowned with gold. He has a rather intense face and a look of solid, if untutored, worth; his Army record has, in capital letters in the space for "Character," this assessment: "VERY GOOD." His voice is quiet and he almost never swears. His best friend at the school, a redhead named Harold Edward Rutherford, says he likes Ramey because "he don't talk like some of the men, he always talks nice to you; when you're worrying about something, he always talks good to you—you always have company with him." Mrs. Elizabeth Harpel, who was Ramey's teacher all the way through the school, came to have quite a bit of respect for him. "He doesn't jump around like some of them," she told me on the last day of his course. "He's quite a study, that young man. I looked at him today



"Say 'Baa.'"

and he seemed to speak to me through his eyes; he has very strange eyes; did you notice his eyes? They get so big—and he's a rather intelligent-looking man. His skin has a strange shine to it; did you notice his skin? It makes me think maybe he has liver trouble. But he would never mention it unless you asked him. Some of them complain—oh, their eyes hurt and they tell me all their troubles and if they have a toothache I know it. But not him. I think he's rather deep."

Ramey was born and grew up, the third of five children, on a farm near Norton, in Wise County, Virginia. He says he didn't learn to read and write because it was too far to walk to school. His parents did not tutor him, because his father, Tom Ramey, was a drummer for the Broadwater Feed Company, Wholesalers, and was seldom at home, and his mother "was kind of sickly—she never did feel up to schooling us kids; I had a good home, as far as that goes." John was fifteen before he left the farm, and by then, he says, "why, I reckon I just like any other boy; I thought I was too big to go to school—something like that. I wanted to do a job of work, I wanted to make my own living—in fact, I never did realize till it was too late what a education could mean." Off and on through the years, he thought of taking time out to get some learning, but life went too fast and things seemed to run along O.K.; he just never did.

In his first few jobs, being an illiterate did not seem to make any difference. After he left home, he worked at a filling station, and that simply meant cranking a pump and making change. When he was seventeen, he went to a government employment agency and signed up for a job with General Motors, in Detroit. Out there he became a gasket cutter. "All we had to do," he says, "was to lay the material on, mash a button, and then pick it off—it was automatic electric." He returned to Virginia shortly after reaching his majority and worked in a C.C.C. camp near Richmond; he drove a half-ton surveyors' truck. He settled in Clintwood, Dickenson County, Virginia, in 1937, and there met his wife. She is the daughter of a preacher named McFall, who follows the faith of the Freewill, or soft-shell, Baptists. Ramey remembers very well the first time he met Irma Joyce McFall. It was in church. "Her father 'bout to kill her for letting me go home with her," he recalls. "I'd been going to church several times there, but I never paid any attention to her till one time she got right in front of me and, well, I got to paying attention to her." His paying attention to Joyce rather than to her father's sermons continued week after week, and was intensified, and John and Joyce were married a year later, on her birthday, Christmas Eve. The marriage has worked out very well.

Mrs. Ramey is three months younger than her husband, four inches taller, and thirteen pounds lighter. She has long black hair and is quite pretty. The marriage rewarded Ramey with two daughters, Gaynell and Danta, and somewhat compensated for his illiteracy. Joyce's father is an educated man, and she herself went through the eighth grade. She taught John addition, subtraction, and the multiplication tables, but she never tried to teach him to read and write. Mrs. Ramey inherits from her father, soft-shell though he may be, a tenacious purity of spirit. "She's always been a Christian woman," Ramey says. "She'll visit with people and listen to the radio; otherwise, going to a show, anything like that, she won't have a thing to do with it. I slip off sometimes and go to a show. I never did think there was so much harm in going to a show, if you just went to a show and saw a show and didn't take to it like you would something to eat. She would say, 'It don't help anybody, going to a show.' I always say anything that won't help anybody won't hurt anybody."

During his courtship, Ramey became an entrepreneur. He took over a "wagon mine." Wagon mining is common practice in parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania; when a small, isolated seam of coal lies on the surface of the earth and seems not to be worth exploiting on a large scale, the mining firm that owns the rights turns the seam over to a man with a truck—in the old days, a wagon. Ramey opened up a seam near Banner, Virginia, and took out lump coal. He paid the Bannerville Coal Company fifteen cents a ton royalty and sold the coal to householders for $2.85 a ton. What with wages to twenty-eight men and upkeep of equipment—"so much dead work and dead money"—he cleared only about fifty dollars a week. Nevertheless, he saved enough money to build a small house. He chose a site half a mile from Clintwood, looking down the whole length of a seven-mile valley. He built the house himself, to his own plan. It has a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, and a bedroom on the ground floor. There is a bedroom upstairs, too, even though, he says, "I didn't get my walls as high as I was going to on the sides; I meant to make them ten feet, but then I thought that was a little high and my lumber was kind of short that I wanted to start the frame with." The whole family sleeps in the downstairs bedroom. The house is wood outside and beaverboard inside, and has both electricity and plumbing. For his water supply, he built a concrete reservoir, which holds sixteen hundred gallons, around a spring trickling from a vein of coal on the hill above the house. In the kitchen there is an electric stove, which cost $209 new, and a refrigerator which Ramey bought second-hand for $80 from a friend who was moving to Detroit. Over the years, he has put more than $4,000 into the house, and he is proud to be able to say, "I never borrowed a penny of money from the bank or anything in my life."

About eighteen months after his marriage, Ramey "got shet of" the coal mine and went to work for the Haysi Motor Company, the Chevrolet agency in Haysi, Virginia, as a metal worker and spray painter. That has been his line of civilian work ever since. It was at this point that illiteracy began to bother Ramey. Although his wife's and father-in-law's literacy made things easier for him, their learning made him, by the same measure, conscious of his lack. In Detroit, it had not particularly bothered him, when the work sheets were posted each evening with the assignments for the next day, to ask a friend to read them for him. But now all sorts of embarrassments cropped up. He would buy some paint and put the cans on a shelf and next day would have to ask someone to find him the right color for a certain spray job. He would slip off to a show and stand right in front of the billboard out front and have to ask someone what was playing. "I like to never got a driver's permit," he says. "I had an awful time there. I think I made six or seven trials." The Clintwood cop, Dewey Buck Hannon, would patiently take him the rounds of the driving test and then would put the Virginia motor-vehicle code book before him for the literacy test, and Ramey would say, "Dewey Buck, you know I can't read." Finally, with Dewey Buck's encouragement, he found a solution. He had Joyce sit down with him and read the code book over and over. She must have read it a hundred times before he had memorized every word. Then he passed his test. But out on the roads he would have to stop at a fork that was cluttered up with road signs and ask his way. People always pointed to the signs first; he would have to explain. The miracle was that with all the rubs and humiliations, Ramey never lost his temper and almost never got a contemptuous answer. He says, "I always tried to be kind in everything, always tried to ask everything in a kind way. I try to express myself before I ask a question."

The climax of Ramey's frustration, and in a way the turning point of his life, came in January of this year. He had worked since July, 1943, as a camouflage spray painter at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. He was earning $1.38 an hour, which, with overtime, came to $114.87 a week. The men, and especially his foreman, liked him. One day the foreman came to him and offered to make him a group leader, at $1.52 an hour. He was taken to the yard headquarters and an application form was put before him. When he said he could not write, a yard official told him he would need at least a fifth-grade education to be able to handle the pencilwork as leader. "I got so mad at

CONEY ISLAND
RED HOTS
SUCCULENT
SIZZLING
DELICIOUS
15¢ RED HOTS 15¢
RED HOTS 15¢
NO RED HOTS
15¢ RED HOTS 15¢
SEE TH
SHOOT

myself," Ramey says, "that I could have kicked myself out." In fact, he did just that. He went home to Clintwood, terribly discouraged. Since he was no longer doing essential work, the local draft board took him.

Ramey entered the Army on March 19th. At the induction center in Roanoke, he signed his name, John D. Ramey, on a form. This much he had learned to do. But when he was told to spell his name out in full, he did not know the letters for Danul, as he had always pronounced his middle name, much less Daniel, as he had been christened. Nevertheless, he scribbled something. Later he was given the literacy test; his score was zero. But in the screening tests his innate intelligence showed itself. He was accepted. About the time the inductees were lining up outside to be marched away, he heard his name called. He was taken back into the building to an officer at a desk—"a tall man with a little old bald head," he recalls. The officer's words embarrassed Ramey more than anything else in his life ever had. "At your age," the man sneered, "can't even write your own name!"

THIS was the sort of raw material that arrived at the Special Training Unit late in March this year, ready—in this case more than ready—to learn to read and write. For the first few days Ramey bunked in white barracks, listened to lectures by platoon sergeants about Army spirit, marched up and down, and took tests. On April 5th he moved to green barracks and was assigned to Unit A, the beginners' class. Not all the men at the S.T.U. go into A. Those who have had a little schooling start out in more advanced groups. Ramey started from scratch.

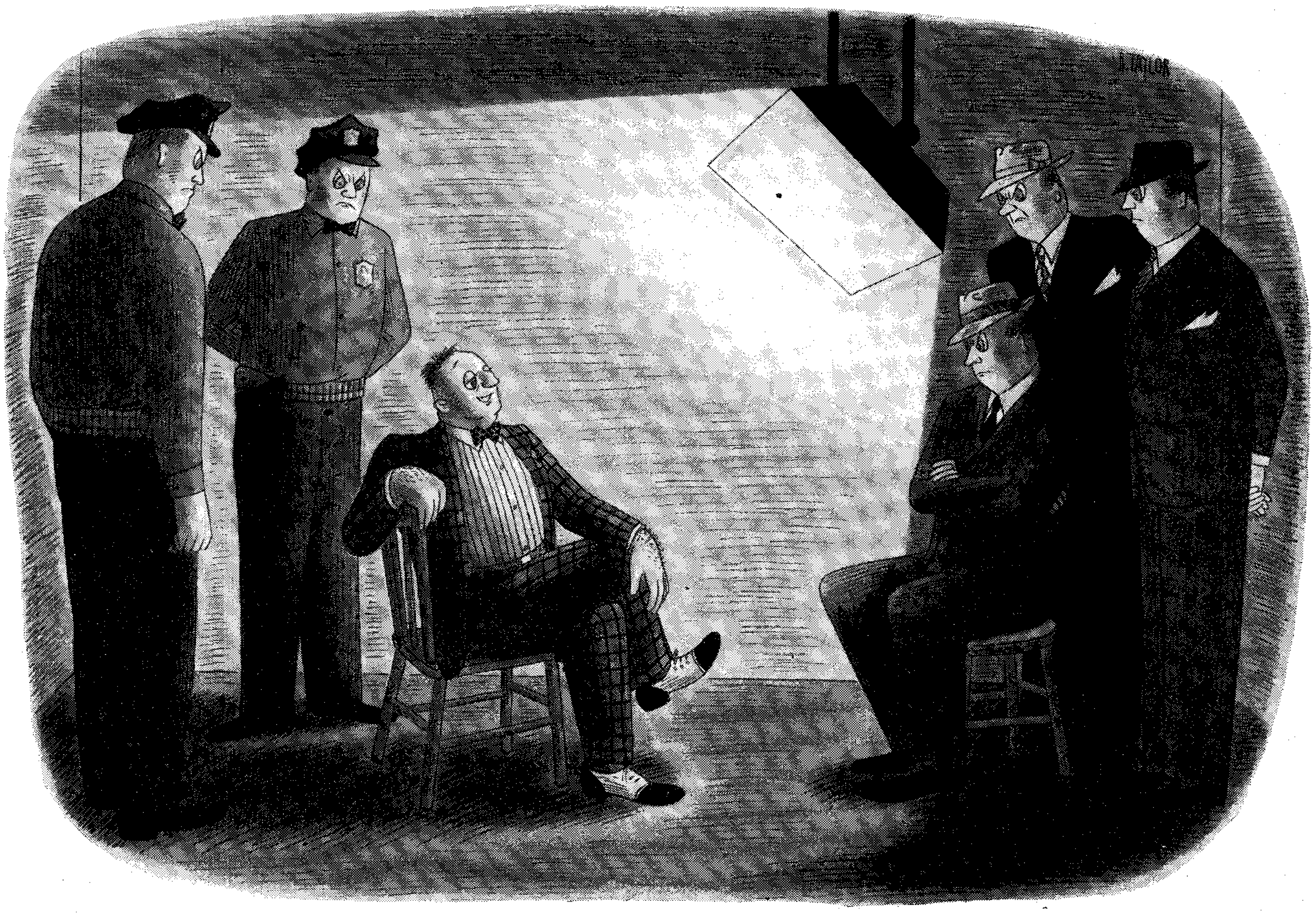
Ramey was lucky in the teacher he drew. Originally the teachers at the school were all Army men, mostly noncommissioned officers. Later, civilians were taken in, both men and women, at a salary of about two thousand dollars. Ramey's teacher, Mrs. Harpel, has had wide experience, both in teaching and in life, and is a wise and charming lady. She is a widow of indefinite age. When pressed to place it within a decade, she says she believes she is "anywhere between sixty and seventy." When congratulated on her wonderful appearance (she looks fifty), she replies, "They all say that. It's because I'm interested." From her youngest days, her mother urged her to become a teacher. "My mother," she says, "had a hard time. She was born in Ireland, but she grew up in England on a farm—they were poor. But she was so eager to learn that a woman of the nobility took an interest in her. This woman taught a class in—I believe it was in some part of the Church. My mother was so anxious to learn that she soon was teaching the other children, helping this woman, and for that she got a little heirloom in the family and I wish I had it now; it's the dearest little black-walnut case, has a little drawer for spools and things, and there's a cushion on top. My oldest sister has it, don't you know. You can see why my mother wanted me to be a teacher." It was only natural that after Mrs. Harpel got through a Sisters' school and high school in Detroit, she went to the Detroit Training School, a school for teachers. After that, she went to Wayne University for a year. Her teaching experiences include everything from a two-room, two-teacher primary school in Detroit to an adult-education course in civics in Cleveland. She has taken a course in short-story writing at the University of Chicago and worked in a hardware store, and she even took up the study of law and passed the Ohio bar exams because "the stories in the books of cases were so exciting."

The classes at the S.T.U. are small; they range from six or eight in the beginning to twenty toward the end. Ramey found himself, on his first day, with a group of seven other total illiterates, sitting in a small classroom fitted out with long, backless benches, narrow tables, and a blackboard across the front wall. Mrs. Harpel had been waiting for them. After a brief introductory speech, in which she at once established herself as a nice, motherly grab bag full of anecdotes, she started in with the alphabet. She wrote the letters on the board, told the soldiers the names of the letters, and then gave their sounds. Since one of the tenets of the school is that reading and writing should be integrated all the way, she had the men write the letters after her, then went around to check on the various shapes they had drawn. Since another S.T.U. rule is, in the jargon of the teachers' manuals, to "make use of the concepts which as adults the trainees can be assumed to have brought into the classroom already developed in good measure," she often used the letters as heavily stressed initials of words with which they had lately become very familiar: "This is '*S*.' The sound is '*sss*.' '*S*' is for '*ss*sergeant.' " From day to day, she went quite fast, not stopping to make sure that every letter was learned by every man; she hoped to achieve that gradually, by repetition. If one man could not answer a question, she went quickly to another, operating on the manual's theory that pausing over one man's forgetfulness only produces a disabling emotional tension in him, and on her own that life is too short to hurt anybody's feelings. Very soon she began giving the men simple words, teaching them to think of the sound of the initial consonant, plus the vowel, plus the following sound that completed the word. She chose words that are spelled the way they sound, like "dad," "tag," "job," "top," and "net." She told stories to go with some words and drew pictures to illustrate others. Toward the end of the three weeks the men spent in Unit A, she began giving more complicated words, with two consonants at the beginning. She taught the reading of these words by what the school calls "phonic analysis." She taught "brake" as "b-rake." By the end of the three weeks she had given Ramey and his classmates about three hundred simple words, most of which would be useful in the "phonic analysis" of the more complicated words they were soon to learn.

Meanwhile, Ramey was exposed to other facets of Army life. His classes began at seven thirty-five each morning and, with a ten-minute break every hour, lasted until lunchtime. Chow was heavy, monotonous, and good. In the afternoon, the men drilled. The evenings were free. Most of the time Ramey just sat in the barracks and talked or sang with his friend Red Rutherford, whom he had met at the induction center. One night, when they had nearly finished Unit A, they sang a song called "Precious Memory," which made Ramey homesick:

Precious memory, how it lingers,
How it ever fills my flitting soul!
In the stillness of my homelife . . .

Ramey decided then and there to write a letter to his wife. He was far



". . . and after leaving the movies I strolled over to the Modern Museum to enjoy again those delightful Mondrians. Then a cocktail at a little place I know on Sixth Avenue, and to Bickford's for an early dinner. I'm afraid I spent the rest of the evening alone in my room, catching up on my reading."

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from equipped to do so, but Mrs. Harpel had given him confidence and he decided to try. Here is the first letter of his whole life:

Arpil 15 1945
Pul John Ramey
Co B STU
33914278

Joyce I got last 5^{00} Dile you sene me lat night. Joyce I am Fine and hope you R the cam. Yousse gott $22.00 Mond and the take $7.20 off an me and $7.50 Fore Bond Joyce lat oline lase me $12.30 and old the love in my hort. Yall shold whit love fom

Pul John Ramey
Co B STU
33914278

The handwriting was jagged. The letters were formed laboriously and often had breaks between them. The thought was practical. Joyce undoubtedly knew that he meant he had received five dollars from her the night before, that he was fine and hoped she was the same, that she would get twenty-two dollars a month (for her allotment) and they were taking $7.20 "off'n" him (for insurance) and $7.50 for bonds, and that this left him only $12.30 (his arithmetic, despite her tutelage, was off by one dollar), and that he sent all the love in his heart. The final reproach, "You all should write," was a proud invitation from a writing man to correspond. In later letters the serial number after his signature was replaced by amorous crosses and circles, the secret of which he learned not from Mrs. Harpel but from another student.

On April 18th, Ramey entered Unit 1, after having passed an informal test given by Mrs. Harpel. In Unit 1, he began, for the first time, to read a book—"Technical Manual 21-500," which jugheads know as "Private Pete." On the first page, at the top, is printed, "This is Chapter 1." Below, under a full-length drawing of an impossibly handsome soldier are the words "A Soldier—Private Pete." The second page has a picture of men on parade with rifles slung, and under it is the sentence "The soldiers march." Within a surprisingly few days, Mrs. Harpel had her class, now twelve men, on Chapter 2. There, aided by pictures to illustrate nearly every sentence, they read, "A soldier keeps his things in order in the barracks. There is a place for everything. He keeps everything in the right place. Every soldier has a place for his things in the barracks. Pete's locker is near his bed. The soldier blows the bugle in the morning. The bugle call wakes the soldiers. Soldiers must get up when they hear the bugle call. Soldiers wash in the morning. They also take showers. Soldiers shave in the morning. Private Pete gets dressed. He puts on his socks. He puts on his shoes. He puts on his shirt. He puts on his trousers. He puts on his tie. He puts on his cap. Here is Private Pete in his uniform." And the final picture shows him fully clothed and surrounded by a dazzling light much like the one which enveloped the Wizard of Oz.

Mrs. Harpel's technique in Unit 1, and throughout the course, was about the same. Before each lesson in "Private Pete," she would survey the day's text and note down the unfamiliar and difficult words. These she would give the men by phonic analysis. Gradually, the words got more complicated. "She kept raising the words," Ramey says. To keep the earlier words fresh in their minds, she constantly reviewed, both by combining old words with new ones and by flashing cards with the old words stencilled on them. All the time she drew on her years of experience to illustrate the words. One of the things the school stresses is "word concept," which means that a man should understand a word when he sees it and not just read the sound without thought for the meaning. The Army judiciously mixes modern ideas—word concept, film strips, flash cards, and phonic analysis—with the tried and true method of the little red schoolhouse. Mrs. Harpel's story-telling helped build "word concept." Unlike most of the teachers, who draw on the movies, radio, and big-league baseball for examples, "travelling," as the manuals say, "from the known to the unknown," Mrs. Harpel kept telling Ramey's class homely parables and episodes from her own life.

Mrs. Harpel's classes never dragged. One day she began by saying, "Good morning, boys—or men, I should say. I know you still like to be called boys."

She read the roll. Then she asked, "Well, how do you feel this morning?"

A chorus rose: "Oh, we feel great . . . rugged . . . O.K. . . ."

She said, "Let us put our pencils down. Sit up like soldiers. We are going to review our sounds and combinations of sounds this morning." She wrote the letter "E" on the board. "May I have an example of the short sound, please?"

"'Exercise'!" said Ramey.

"'Fret,'" Mrs. Harpel said. "Let's take 'fret.' A baby frets. What is the difference between 'to fret' and 'to worry'? A person must think to worry. Babies don't think much, do they? I saw a baby just a month old last night, a healthful codger, but it was fretting. I went up and talked to it calmly and that little rascal just listened to me. We can't tell what they're thinking, can we? I wonder how we spell 'split'?"

"S-l-i-t!" one of the men said.

"That's right," Mrs. Harpel said, not wishing to hurt anyone's feelings. "That's right, s-p-l-i-t. Now, here's a word." And she wrote "SIN" on the blackboard. "That's a little word we do not like, but sometimes we must say it anyway. Look! We can make it nice just by putting a letter in right here." She transformed "SIN" into "SPIN." "What does that mean, Davis?" she asked.

Davis said, "Well, it's like spinning wool."

"That's right! They used to spin wool by hand. Do they now, Lam?"

Lam said, "I never have been to a cotton mill. I been down around Chatham, where they raise a little cotton, but I never did get in a mill."

"Is that Virginia?" Mrs. Harpel asked. "Seems to me a lot of my boys are from Virginia. Stand up, you Virginians."

Seven of the twelve men stood.

"My, what a fine lot of men. How tall are you, Lam?"

"Five foot ten, Ma'am."

"How tall are you, Rutherford?"

"Five foot eleven."

"How tall are you, Ramey?"

"Five foot six and a quarter inches."

"Well, you didn't happen to grow. How tall are you, Pearsall?"

"I don't know, Ma'am."

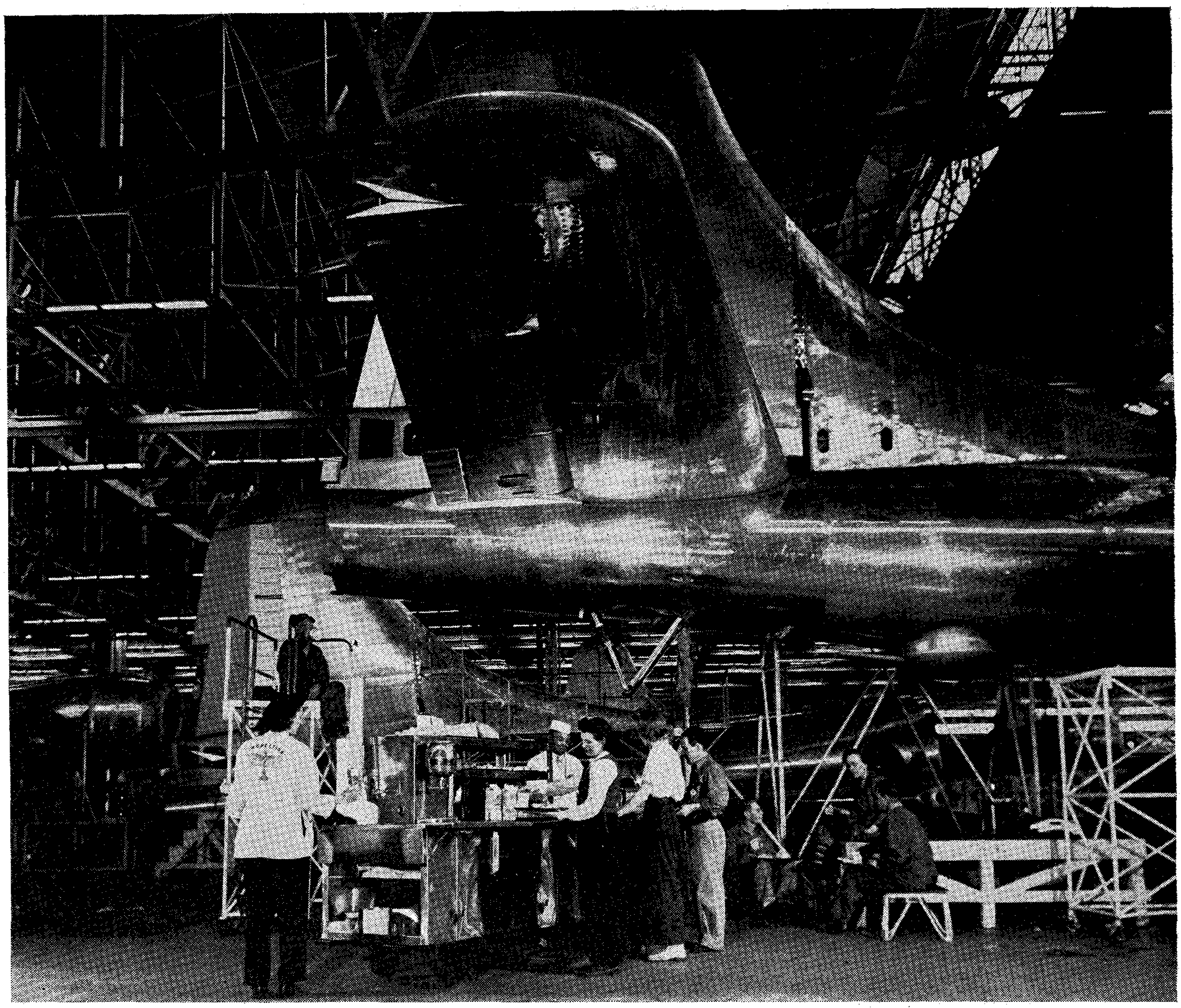
"You ought to know that. You go over and stand against the measuring post," she said, pointing at one of the uprights of the rear wall, a two-by-four that had about thirty pencil marks on it, where other men had already been measured. "Who will volunteer to measure Pearsall?" Mrs. Harpel asked.

Smith, who was not a Virginian, put his hand up. He marked Pearsall's height on the beam, then measured it with a ruler. "Five foot ten, exact," he announced.

Mrs. Harpel said, "How in the world did we get this far when we started with the word 'spin'? That's the way the mind works; it gets from one thing to another. I'm going to give you a long word. It's the study of the mind. I'm going to write it down." She wrote "PSYCHOLOGY." She had several of the men pronounce it.

"Now," she said, "here's another little word. 'Ore.' What is the difference between ore and iron, Ramey? Stand up. Let's see how tall you are."

"It's like mining," Ramey said. "Ore's got to be taken from under the ground and it's brought out and as it comes to the mill it's washed and the dirt is washed from the ore stone, and the stone is run into the furnaces. The ore comes out of the stone, out of the shale, and the shale goes out; it's a waste. The ore is poured into forms and makes pig iron. The form is a small steel frame; it's got a sand pack on the



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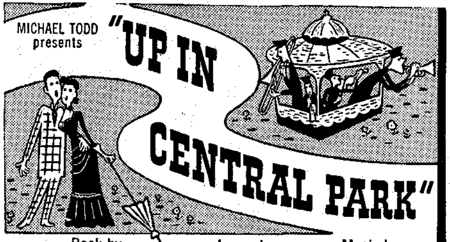

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with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

inside of it, has some kind of chemical into it that'll make it bind and stick together, otherwise to hold the pig iron in the forms till it cools off."

Mrs. Harpel said, "Oh, that's very interesting! I want you to teach me a little more, Ramey."

"Well," he said, "it gets smaller when it cools. Any kind of metal expands when it's hot. You take sheet steel for a ship—you have to allow for expansion where you're welding; if you don't, she'll buckle."

"Will you tell me how they weld this sheet metal?"

"Which one you want, acetylene or electric?"

Mrs. Harpel dodged that one nicely. "What did you do before you came here, Ramey?" she asked.

"Spray-painted," he said. "Camouflage in a shipyard."

"We were talking about ore. That's a big jump to welding, isn't it? Well, that's how the human mind moves from place to place." She pointed a finger at "PSYCHOLOGY."

Then she said, "I'm going to tell you a story I know about ore. I went to an auction store one day and I saw a lamp and this lamp was all metal from the base right to the top, so it must have come from ore. A woman, she was standing next to me, she said, 'That's a valuable thing, that's a Chinese incense burner; it's not supposed to be a lamp.' It was taller than I am. I got interested because I like antiques. I said to this woman, who was a stranger to me, by the way, 'How much do you think it's worth?' She called this clerk over and the clerk said, 'Ten dollars.' I was so anxious to get such a rare thing—what does 'rare' mean?—that I said I'd take it. Well, I got interested and I got some books and I studied up on it. The work is called cloisonné. Some of you might get interested in cloisonné someday. Say 'cloisonné.' . . . Here is how they make it. They take little wires and fasten them on the incense burner in the form of pictures; they draw people and faces with the wires, and the book says they fuse the wires on the metal. On my incense burner there are little saints with halos. Halos must be hard to draw with wire because they have to be a perfect circle. Something irregular would be easier. What is something irregular?"

"A flower," one of the men said. "Even in nature you get flowers so they grow irregular."

"Well, they get everything just right with these little wires, even the eyes. What would happen if they got the pupils of the eyes wrong? Lam, what would happen?"

Lam said, "The saints might be cross-eyed."

"That's right! Well, they fill in between the wires with this beautiful enamel. The faces are white, the clothes are Chinese red and turquoise blue. Saints usually have blue eyes; that's the color of the beautiful sky. The whole incense burner is copper. Sometimes I think it's brass, because in places it looks like a brass penny." She hesitated. "Do you *really* want me to talk about my lamp, men?" she asked.

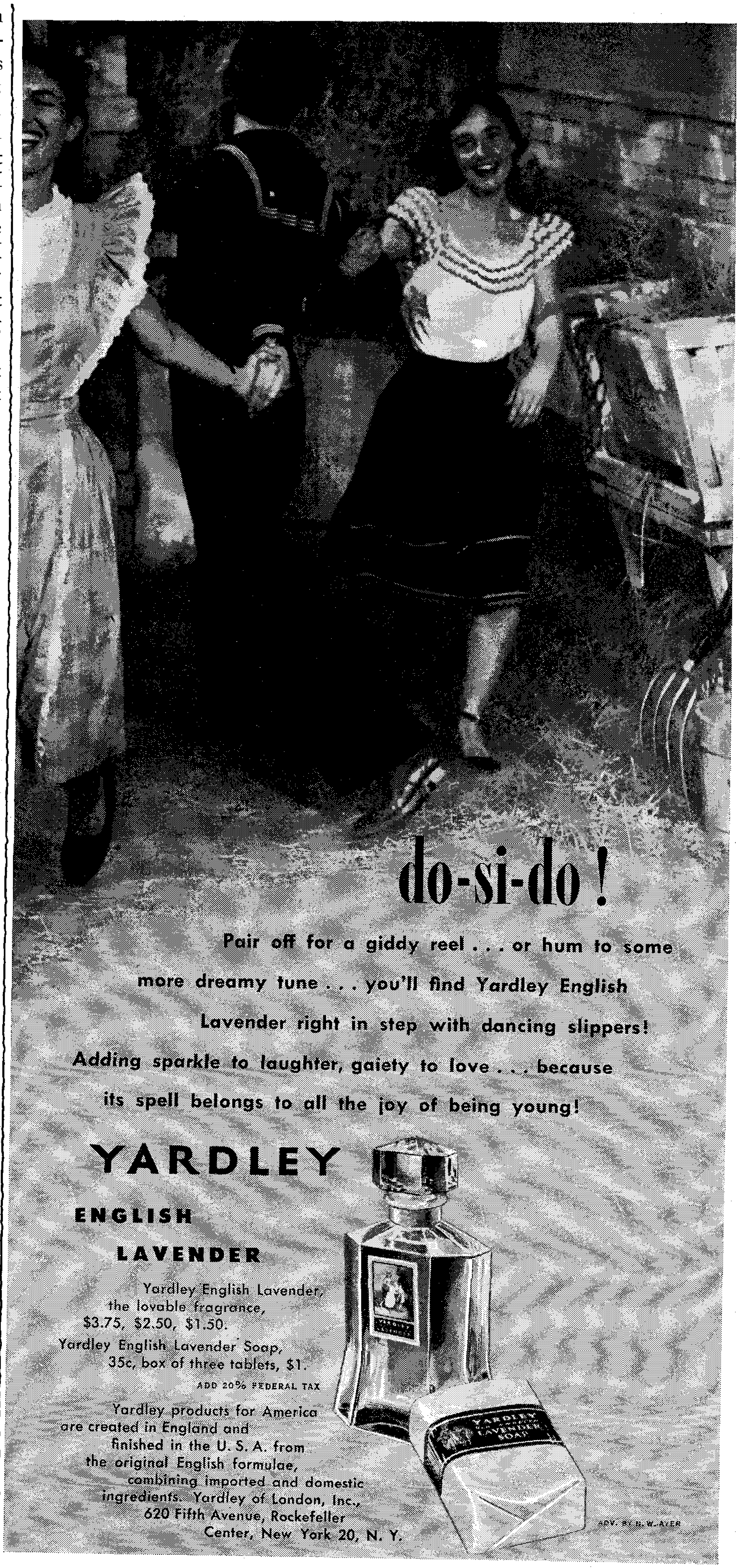
The men shouted together, "Yes!"

"Well, these human figures on it are climbing ladders . . ." And she told many more details about her incense burner. Finally a bell rang, marking the end of the first period. "Oh, dear," Mrs. Harpel said. "Men! Don't forget 'ore.' O-r-e. Look at it! Don't forget it! Class excused."

I doubt that the men who were there will ever forget the shape of that small word.

RAMEY was not the most brilliant pupil Mrs. Harpel had had, but before he passed into Unit 2, she had begun to take special notice of him. There were several reasons. For one thing, he had had wider experience than some of the men, and could tell an illustrative story himself if he had to. For another, he was more serious-minded than some, and each evening he read the work for the next day, so that he would have the jump, for self-esteem was apparently important to him. He says that he will always remember the word "determination" and the night he came across it. "Straight I say that word, I don't have to spell it out—I can see it," he told me. Long words like that, especially if they are meaningful, are easier for the men than the everyday small change of literacy—"am," "they," "are," "but"—and Ramey still has to think harder about those small words than he does about "determination." Ramey stuck to his work better than some, and, perhaps on the theory that what won't hurt anybody won't help anybody, did not even go to the enlisted men's dances on Wednesday nights. He was also assisted in his progress by a relatively good memory. He has an excellent memory for names. When he is asked about his two gold teeth, which he acquired in Detroit twelve years ago, he promptly says, "I remember the old doc who put them in—Whittaker, Dr. Whittaker, George A. Whittaker. I remember him well. I broke one of my teeth out and the other one was rotten; it got a little speck in it and I never did think much about filling teeth—I thought I'd just have it ground and crowned. Doc Whittaker, he didn't have much mercy on mankind at all, it didn't seem like. He wouldn't let you shut your mouth or swush your mouth out; he'd just want to get through. Never will forget him. George A. Whittaker."

Ramey moved into Unit 2, still under Mrs. Harpel, on May 2nd. At the end of each unit, the men take an examination. In the test before going to Unit 2, Ramey scored thirty-two out of a possible thirty-five points. "Private Pete" appears in Unit 2, which is mostly concerned with military drill. "Integration" is one of the catchwords of the Special Training Unit; reading is integrated with writing, and the students never do one without the other; arithmetic, which students begin in Unit 2, is integrated with both, for the problems are written out, and the students must read the problems, solve them, and write the answers in words and numbers; and the reading matter provided them is all integrated with Army life. So, in Unit 2, Ramey read all about drill, and learned something, too, about military courtesy. On page 59 of "Private Pete," he read, "The captain came to our drill field on Saturday. Our sergeant gave the command, '1. SQUAD, 2. HALT!' Then we stood at attention while the sergeant saluted the captain. We did not move or talk." Ramey and his companions were still drilling every afternoon. One of the greatest handicaps for most illiterates is lack of confidence. The drill at S.T.U. eventually gives them confidence, for after graduation, when they move on to another camp for ordinary basic training, they find they are smarter soldiers than some men who have been to college. The school gives the men a new and exciting sense that perhaps they are not so dumb after all. In class they compete with fellow-illiterates; everybody is in the same boat. One man in the Pennsylvania S.T.U. recently said, "I thought I was the dumbest man in



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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

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If you prefer a mixer with a fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"... Canada Dry.

Virginia until I came here and saw all my friends and neighbors." The camp life also gives the men a group spirit. Ramey wrote me a letter a while ago in which he said, "Drill make you keep your mind on what you are doing it make you think it keep you on the alert. I like to drill whith other men."

After he had been in Unit 2 a week, Ramey wrote his second letter to Joyce. His progress was certainly measurable. This time the letters were much better formed and much bolder, and the breaks between letters were less frequent. He wrote:

May 9, 1945

My love I will write yow a fuile line to late you yeare forme me Joyce have yow got your Mone and the Boond Joyce i have 35 day to stare yere then i will Be coming home sune i maeste you all vere muche Till the baby bihaves and Be good BaBy ontal i come home, Joyce how are they gating a lorne out home i gate a lettre frome home May 4 and toled me how they wirre at home Joyce you ort to see me in my uniforme it looke good on me i hope you will sune Joyce write me sune your love John Ramey.

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The next day Ramey wrote his father-in-law a short postcard, and two days later he wrote his wife another letter. Both were in the same vein, the same hand, the same grammar, and at times the same words as the earlier letter, except that on the postcard Ramey said, "Kinle write me a fiver good Pop." Evidently the $13.30 Ramey got from the Army after deductions was not enough. Ramey had his father-in-law much in mind during his stay at the school. The two had been on excellent terms ever since Mr. McFall's flare-up about John's walking home with Joyce that first night. Ramey now has great admiration for his father-in-law. "Better man never did breathe, to my notion," Ramey says. "Now, some other people may have their minds made up different; otherwise he's liked by everybody in that country. He preaches more funerals than any man I ever guess I saw. He's always preaching a funeral—every week, sometimes a couple. They send for him from everywhere; everybody knows him from a hundred miles square, everyone picks him for their funerals. It's because he always do come out pretty plain, says what he feels, hit or miss, hurt or feel good." On the day Ramey graduated, with a score of thirty-one out of a possible thirty-five, from Unit 2 to Unit 3, he wrote his father-in-law, with a skimpy but nevertheless respectful number of kisses and hugs at the bottom of the page, as follows:

May 23, 1945

Dare Pop I am geting long fine and hope you are geting long fine at home Pop I have time to write you a fule lines to lite you here fom me I like to get litter forme home you write me sune and lite me no how you all are at home now I get might lonesome up here Pop I hope you are haveing good meatings do that now how are you geting long whith your mine now are you mining it now you sed you had not been mining it Pop do not forget to Pare for me Pop I pare for you I will stay your friend love to all of them left at home, John Ramey

xxxx
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Units 3 and 4 seemed to go fairly fast. Ramey had reached his "plateau," the point at which his rapid accumulation of words stopped and he levelled off to a brief period of forgetfulness and despair, in Unit 2; once he was past that, he was in good shape. Most men reach their plateau in Unit 3. In Unit 3, Ramey and "Private Pete" took up the question of money, which Private Ramey had been discussing in longhand since his first letter. He read about how Private Pete drew his pay and about the sensible things he did with it. There is a high moral tone about Technical Manual 21-500, and at times even Mrs. Harpel gets tired of such a goody-goody soldier as Private Pete, who never sees the inside of a guardhouse. In Unit 3 arithmetic, Ramey took up division. In Unit 4, he read about world affairs, about citizenship and freedom and the reasons for the war, about the qualities of a good soldier, about living with other people under the Golden Rule, about the United Nations and global war, about George Washington and Tom Paine.

AUCTION SHOP
SUSAN

While he was in Unit 3, Ramey went to Harrisburg with Red Rutherford one day. Red wanted to walk up and down the streets and find a girl or two, but Ramey wanted to drop in at the U.S.O. There was something he had heard about that he wanted to try. He went to a table, picked up a magazine, and sat down, like any other man, to read it. He was so excited that he can't remember what magazine it was; he thinks it may have been *Look*, or perhaps *Collier's*. Later, on the street, he bought a newspaper. He has done that several times since, but he doesn't like papers. "I don't know whether it's the words or the way it's printed up or what those countries are always doing in there," he says. "Don't know what it is. Seem like I can't hardly stand to read it."

During Unit 4, Ramey began "remedial work," which is actually no more than review. The Army wisely gives the men a second teacher for remedial work; this serves as a check on any weaknesses of the first teacher, and is an attempt to make certain that all gaps are filled. Ramey's teacher for remedial was Dorothy Over, the pretty young wife of a soldier who fought across Europe with the Third Armored Division. Her background for this job was teaching home economics in a junior high school in Harrisburg. Mrs. Harpel carried on with new material in the mornings and Mrs. Over's remedial class took the place of two hours' drill in the afternoons. Mrs. Over says, "The only way to make people remember is repeat, repeat, repeat, and then sometimes repeat." Roughly, that describes remedial. One day, Mrs. Over started class by asking, "Can you tell me the words we had yesterday?"

"Bet I can tell you every one of them," Ramey said. " 'Loyal'—you had that yesterday."

Mrs. Over didn't wait for him to finish. She picked up a piece of chalk and wrote on the blackboard, saying the words as she wrote them: " 'Alert,' 'determination,' 'surprise,' 'praise,' 'loyal'—here it is, Ramey, that's for you—'faith,' 'teamwork,' 'know,' 'defend,' 'training,' 'production,' 'property,' 'route,' 'rugged,' 'protect,' 'strong.' "

For fifty minutes she drilled the class on those sixteen words. She had each man read them. She analyzed them. She erased them and had the men write them. She repeated, repeated, repeated, until the men had learned.

AT last, on June 14th, Ramey came to his final examination. This he passed as he had his previous tests, with honor. Then he was indoctrinated for graduation exercises. The Pennsylvania Special Training Unit is very thoughtful about the morale of its men. Each Wednesday night

"Now, can I wear a slinky red dress?"

We don't know about the "slinky" part—but you can wear red, or purple, or any colors you choose, when your face powder is hand-blended exclusively for you. Right before your eyes . . . color after color is blended to match your skintone . . . to enhance it in any fashion color.

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I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
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MUSIC BOX, Air-Cond., W. 45 St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

a fresh class of literate men is marched to the gymnasium, seated in a triangular formation in the presence of guests, many of them proud families, and given a graduation address by Colonel Searls, the commanding officer. A West Point commencement has no more gravity and dignity. It would be easy for Colonel Searls to grind out the same speech week after week, but he takes pride in his graduations and makes a new speech every time. One week he used the analogy of seeds planted in the ground, from which fine flowers and huge trees would grow if proper care were taken; another week he used the laying of a keel, from which a Liberty ship or a battleship might rise if proper workmanship went into it; another week he used the digging of foundations. On each occasion he seems to make the men feel that they are educated, ambitious, and equal to other men in the land. After Colonel Searls' address, the men step forward, salute, receive a diploma, shake hands, salute again, and move on. Ramey's diploma says, "This is to certify that Private John Daniel Ramey has graduated from the Special Training Unit, 3384th Service Unit." It is signed by Colonel Searls and by the master sergeant, W. Nace. At the bottom is a gold seal, embossed with incontrovertible words: "U.S. ARMY—OFFICIAL."

The noncoms of the cadre are all in favor of morale, but they think that you can have too much of a good thing. Accordingly, their instructions for the graduation exercises are concerned not with the dignity but with the abasement of man. The process of saluting, receiving the diploma, handshaking, and saluting again is hard for some of the men to remember. An indoctrinating sergeant roared at a platoon of Ramey's class, "Any you jugheads can't keep that straight, you're going to come over here after graduation, take a toothbrush, a butt can, and a cake of soap, and brush down that entire barracks staircase! You hear that, you fatheads?" Another cadre sergeant explained to me later, "He said that just so they won't think they're a bunch of Princeton men or something."

On that last day, the morning before his graduation, I asked Ramey for a sample of his handwriting. What he wrote might disappoint a pedagogue; certain habits of nearly three decades of humble grammar could not possibly have been erased in ten weeks, and some of his spellings and punctuation needed further drill. Nevertheless, Ramey had

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Marinka
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Joan ROBERTS • Harry STOCKWELL • Romo VINCENT
Luba MALINA
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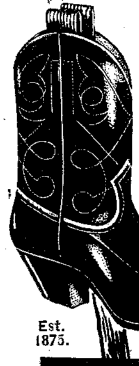

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come a wonderfully long way from his first letter, just two months before. And from another viewpoint—that of human hope and the satisfaction still to be had from a life already half spent in the uneasy shadows of illiteracy—the sample was good, very good. Here is what he wrote:

14 June 1945
the United States of America
John D. Ramey

I come in the Army the date of 19 day of March as a civilian. I had no education but now this is the first time that I have had in my life to get a education and I am glad to be in the Army to get a little education. I can tell what the Army have did for me. As a civilian I could not read anything and it made it hard for me to get a beter job. After the war I can get a job as lead man at the Place I Work befor. I want to learn some more. I would not take all the Furloughs in the Army for What I learned at STU. I tell you when they let me out of this Army they can take away my Gun also my Uniform but they wont ever take away how to read and write.

—JOHN HERSEY

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the house organ of the Botany Worsted Mills, Passaic, N. J.*]

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

This little poem I write to thee,
About the folks who work with me.

First comes General Phillipson,
Carefully supervising how the work is done.

Major J. Wildebush sits near,
He's the Assistant Director here.

Irene Liptak, their secretary,
Does the work satisfactorily.

In the next room sits Soveges, Paul
Interviewing job seekers lined up in the hall.

Tessie Stoppy is okay,
She does her work all through the day.

Gertrude Becker works all around,
Either here or in Payroll she can be found.

In the back room we now take a peek,
At Rose Diani who fingerprints all week.

Frank Tichacek is there too,
He's also trying to get the work through.

Upstairs we find the Assistant Personnel,
Doris Novo, whom everyone likes so well.

Next, we come to Avis O'Brien,
To wade through her work she's always tryin'.

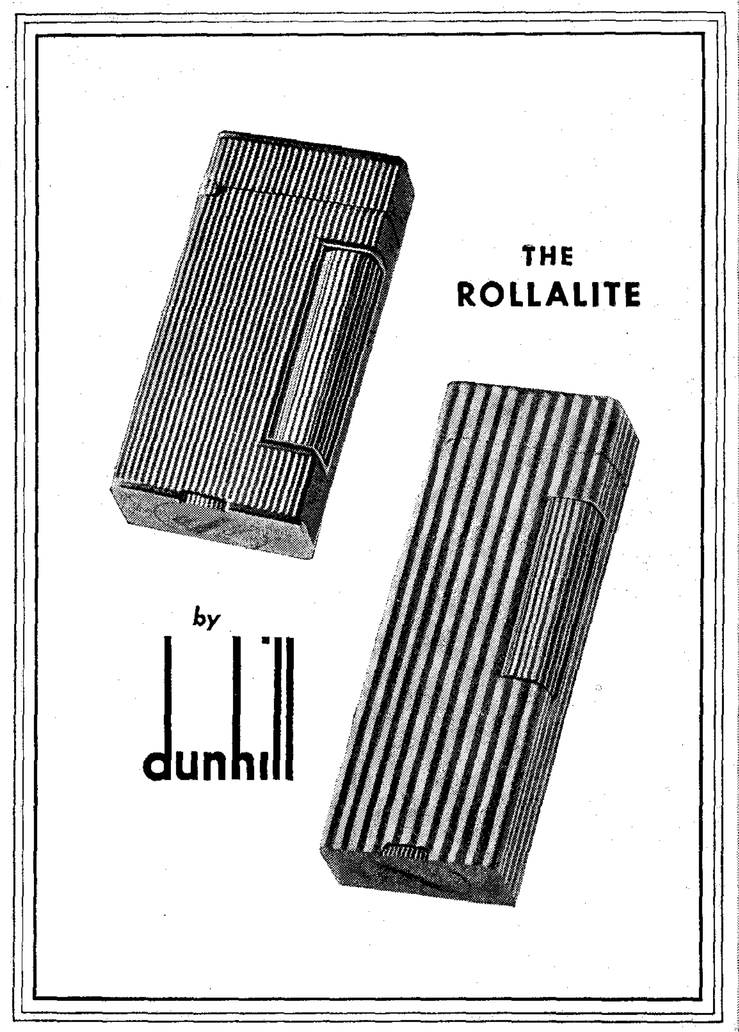
Stella Fila busy is kept,
For lots of typing she does accept.

As for me, what is there to say,
That everyone likes this poem, I pray.

Messrs. Monks and Ranzenhoffer are in the same location,
They keep us busy all day long, taking their dictation.

No, Mary Sattan I haven't missed,
She's the Editor of The Botanist.

Now I've mentioned everyone,
And so, my little poem is done.



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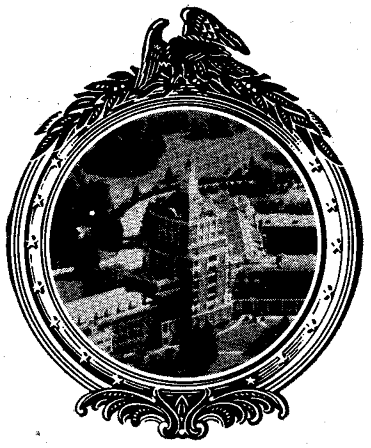

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(pronounced she-she)
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THE THEATRE

HO HUM, THE HAPSBURGS

THE tragedy of Mayerling, which made such a sad, sweet motion picture with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux, has been turned into a large, cheerful, and inordinately tiresome operetta called "Marinka." This time Crown Prince Rudolph and the Baroness Vetsera are represented by Harry Stockwell and Joan Roberts, who continue the romance they began in "Oklahoma!," with their cattle-country accents still triumphantly intact. Some time ago, referring to another musical discussion of the tribulations of the Hapsburgs and the mad gaiety of *Alt Wien*, I wrote that in the future the appearance of Emperor Franz Josef on any stage would be a signal for me to get my hat and go home. It was an intelligent policy and I only wish I'd stuck to it. The whiskery antique (he was apparently as drearily senile in 1888 as he was when he died in 1916) turned up very early at the Winter Garden to supervise the revels of the doomed nobility and the carefree peasants, but I just sat there, sprayed, according to a note in the program, with a perfume called Spring Rain, provided by Charles of the Ritz, and did no more than feebly wish they'd all cut it out. Perhaps it was just too hot to move around.

"Marinka" provides a brighter alternative to the double shooting in the hunting lodge. For a time, there is some idea that Rudolph may ebdicate and so avoid disester (I reproduce as closely as possible the phonetics of the actor known to the rest of the cast as the Emper), but that proves impracticable and it is finally decided that it will be O.K. if the embarrassing couple can just arrange to disappear in some fine, faraway place, conceivably Rockaway Beach, leaving the elderly monarch to think up a suitable lagend for his pipple. In addition to this bright revision of the plot, George Marion, Jr., and Karl Farkas, who attended to the book, have furnished a good deal of brisk, nineteenth-century humor, of which the chief samples that recur to me are "Instead of counting sheep, he counts mistresses;" a convulsing double-entendre about a lady said to have the best seat in Austria; an educated quip about Sir Walter Scott's "Divanhoe;" and a revision of a joke, originally attributed to Dorothy Parker, that now reads "If all your lovers were laid end to end, I'd be very much pleased." Among my notes scrawled in the scented dark, there is one that seems to say, "I like Lubba Lubba." After a good deal of concentration, I deduce that this is a tribute to a crisp, jocular actress named Luba Malina, who portrays a titled and complaisant lady who not only sings about her triumphs but also lists them conscientiously in her little diary. She was, however, the only note of authentic comedy in the long, distressing night.

To offset all this, "Marinka" has a rather charming score, the work of Emmerich Kalman. "Sigh by Night" and "One Last Love Song" are really quite attractive exercises in rueful sentiment, and Miss Roberts and Mr. Stockwell sing them competently in their strong, accurate voices, though both have a firm, metallic charm not easy to associate with so frail an emotion as lost love. The rest of the music is agreeable, too, and it is enthusiastically rendered by such accomplished performers as Romo Vincent, Leonard Elliott, Ronnie Cunningham, and, of course, the fascinating Miss Malina. Howard Bay has designed a succession of light, pleasantly stylized cutouts for the sets, Albertina Rasch's ballets are acceptable if not precisely memorable, and the Viennese beauties in the chorus, both male and female, scamper round the stage in the highest possible spirits. Beyond these contributions, however, "Marinka" is just another of those rather elaborate bores that turn up often in the vacant summer months.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

The Allies pamper Nazi leaders. Germanazi industrialist Thyssen is allowed to live in Luxury.—*Commander Winchell in the Los Angeles Herald-Express.*

We understand it was pretty badly shot up.

Soak up that sunshine...
out where the blue begins!

No wonder the ancients thought the sun was the giver of life . . . for now we know it holds precious gifts we all need . . . today more than ever before with the tension of wartime living, the fatigue of wartime work. Make the most of every opportunity to bask in the sunshine . . . and use Elizabeth Arden's wonderful Sun Preparations to keep your skin supple, healthy, while you tan in Nature's own way, achieving a beautiful color, relaxing in the open air, enjoying the glorious sun.

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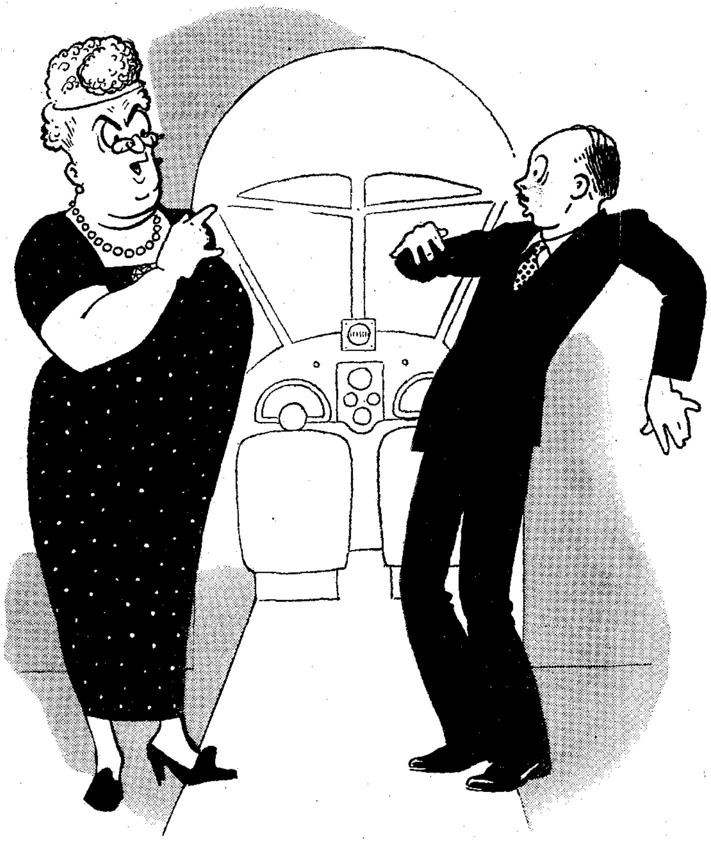


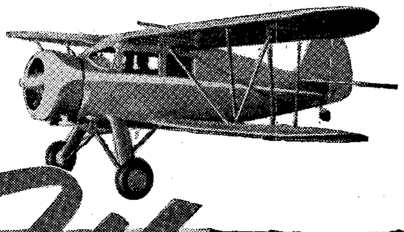
Did you say—
No servants' quarters?

Mrs. Pragbottom peered peevishly through her pince-nez at the postwar plane salesman.

But this was perfectly ridiculous . . . simply unspeakable! There were plenty of planes, of course, but such planes! That gorgeous pastel pink job with the dropped living room and the built-in bar would be grand but *so* tiny. And that beige and blue number with the penthouse was simply stunning . . . *but no servants' quarters!*

"Why," spluttered Mrs. Pragbottom, "it's practically prewar!"*

*Not quite, Mrs. Pragbottom, not quite prewar! But that postwar miracle plane you've set your heart on won't be here the day the Japanese are beaten. For a year or two, after the war, you won't see much difference between the prewar and postwar WACO. But keep your chins up, Mrs. Pragbottom. Prewar or postwar, WACO means comfort and stability . . . speed and safety for all-weather flying. WACO stands for *better* planes . . . for *better* flying. THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, 67 Peters Avenue, Troy, Ohio, U. S. A.



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•

Because of the rigid press censorship, we have been given only vague hints of what is going on at the momentous meeting in Potsdam. About all that we know for sure is that delicious refreshments are being served.

•

Mr. Truman has been President for more than three months and everybody agrees that he has acquitted himself well under trying conditions. Unfortunately, we cannot give him a written guarantee that the first hundred days are the hardest.

•

The ease with which the Bretton Woods program went through Congress may have been the result of what is called the pressure of public opinion. The voters do not claim to know much about international finance, but they know what they like.

•

Everyone in the House of Representatives has gone home for a good long rest. Many of the members are suffering from occupational fatigue and a severe overdose of Rankin.

•

Count Ciano's diary reveals that Mussolini had a positive genius for making up his mind. Sometimes, in fact, he was able to make up his mind two or three ways in a single day.

•

It is now planned to try the big German war criminals in Nuremberg. The Allies feel that it is only sporting to play the Nazis on the home grounds.

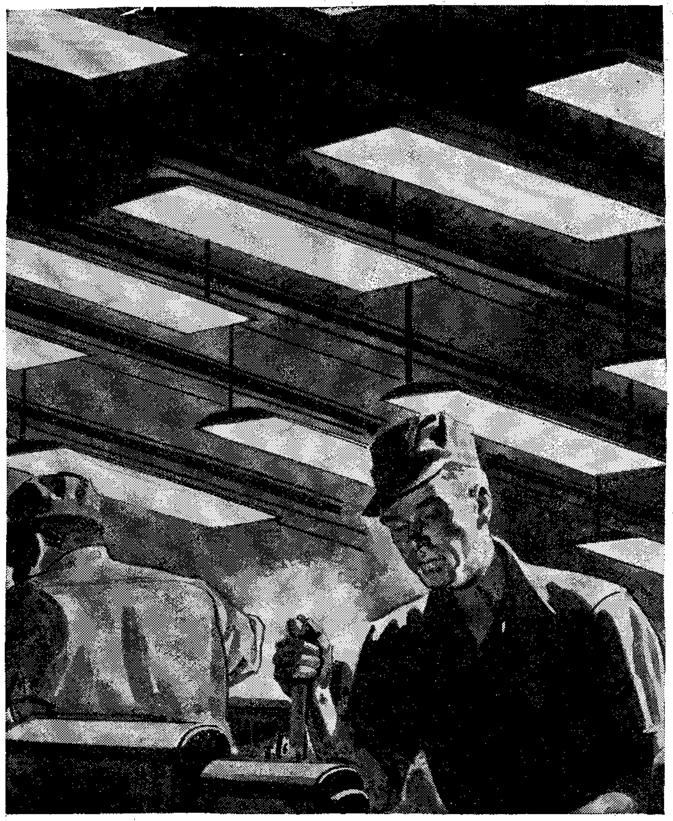
•

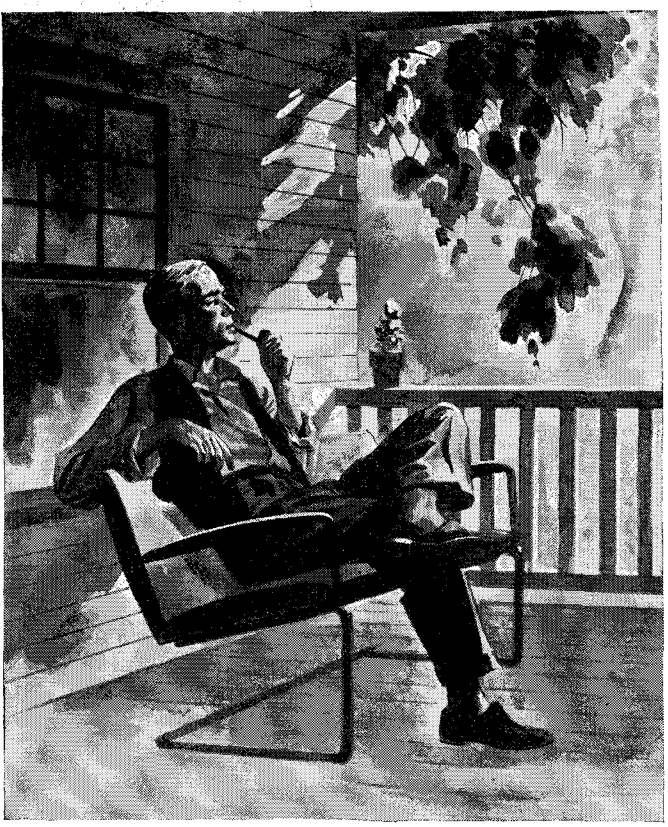
At the moment, transportation by rail and bus is more congested than ever, but the shoe situation has become easier. Now vacationists can at least walk to the nearest summer resort.

•

Music lovers are surprised to hear that the Metropolitan Opera House is operating at a profit. Up to now, the Met was always considered our most outstanding get-poor-quick scheme.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER





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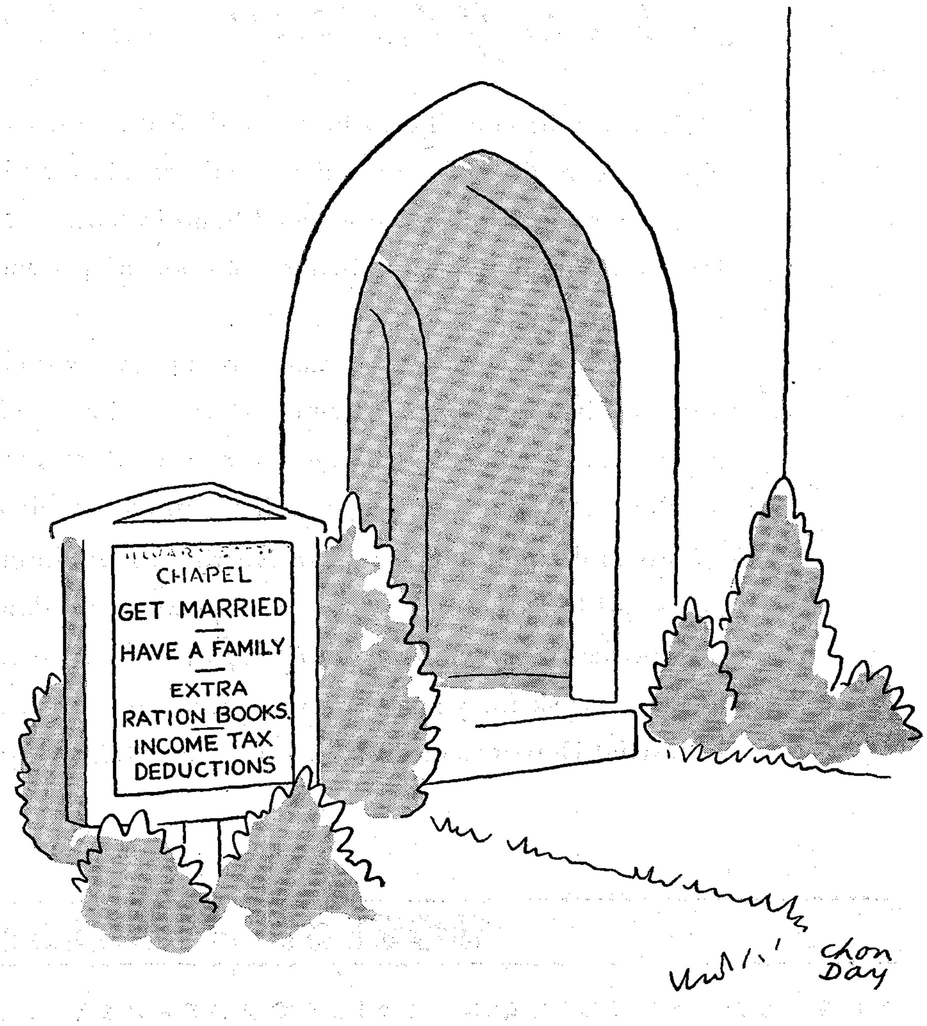
THE WAYWARD PRESS

NO PAPERS

LIKE most people who once worked on newspapers, I have always been a chain reader of them, when they are to be had. Since I got back to this country from Europe last winter, I have spent from one to three hours a day looking at them. So it surprised me at first, during the newspaper-delivery strike, that, from the minute they began not to be available, I began not to miss them. A friend of mine, another former newspaperman, reported the same subjective phenomenon. Other friends, with and without similar pasts, said that they, too, were getting along beautifully. I heard ten times as much talk about the shortage of cigarettes as about the total absence of newspapers. The only complaints I heard came from commuters who lived at such short distances from the city that it was impractical for them to smoke opium during the trip. Some of these people said that now that they had no newspapers they were compelled to look at the scenery, which revolted them. But it's their own fault that they live out of town. I've tried to tell them that scenery is like that. When, finally, the publishers and the drivers settled the strike, they did well for themselves, because if the strike had continued much longer they might have lost the customers both depend upon. Reading newspapers had turned out to be one of the habits, like gum chewing, that have no really deep hold; people found they could take them or leave them alone. I did not understand why until I began reading the New York newspapers again after the strike.

The face of an acquaintance you have not seen for a while, even a short while, sometimes surprises you when you meet him again. You had not remembered him quite as he is. It was that way with the papers. I simply hadn't remembered how bad some of them were, and how indifferent the others, and how overstuffed all of them were with blobs of type that you half read only because they happened to be in front of your eyes. The *Herald Tribune's* front-page story on Wednesday, July 18th, about the end of the strike, contained one of the most inexact affirmations that newspaper has carried in any year in which there has been no national election. It's a good illustration of what I mean. "However thankful the drivers and publishers were for the end of the strike," the anonymous author wrote, "the greatest relief was felt by the public." The publishers and drivers were really sweating about the strike; the drivers' livelihoods and the publishers' profits depended on the result. Is it really possible that the *Tribune* writer meant that the public worried *more* about the strike than the drivers and publishers did? This is a rhetorical question; he meant nothing of the sort. Or else he must have wondered why his paper's half million erstwhile readers (Sundays; weekdays 326,000) weren't picketing, buying radio time to present their case, or burning Louis Waldman in effigy. The statement is a simple example of wishful non-thinking. In a similar way, a sportswriter may lead off a story with a statement like "The most popular man in Brooklyn today is Somekus Punkus, of the Dodgers," and go on to explain that Punkus hit a home run that won the ball game. The writer is conscious that actually Punkus is unknown to the million or so Brooklynites who don't give a hoot about the Dodgers and that P. isn't even popular with the few ballplayers who know him well. But the writer suffers from the vocational craving to have something to say. The political writer says from force of habit that he detects "a rising tide of Republican sentiment" or talks about a "fast-increasing indignation which may block" an administration bill. He discounts the truth of what he writes before he even sets it down, but he feels that somehow he is performing a function. The reader learns to make the same discount, and after a while, though he continues to buy the paper and look at it, he ceases to pay any attention to what it says. In normal times it requires more of an effort of will to enter the subway in the evening without buying a paper than it does to buy one. When the papers vanished from the stands during the strike, the effect was the same as it would be if restaurants stopped serving the chalky-white cheesepaste they now put on your butter plate. In a word, unnoticeable.

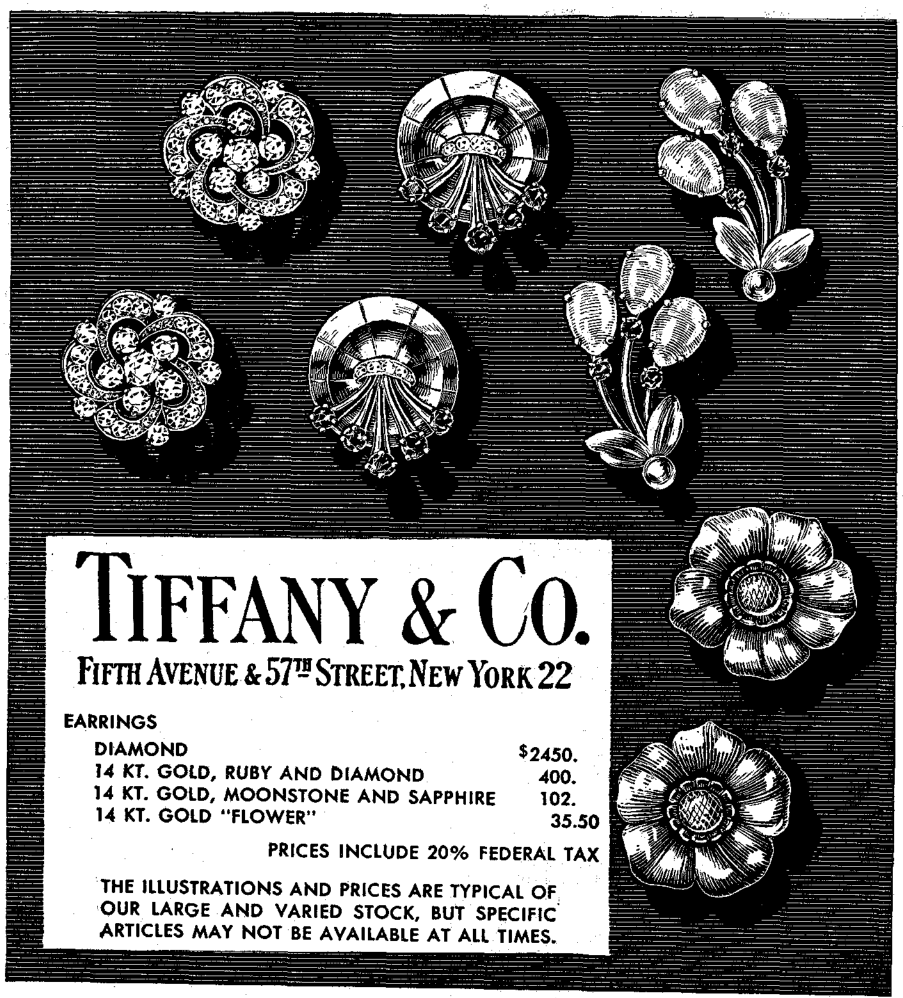
JULY 18th was, it is true, a bad news day, or at least a day of the kind of news that is unsatisfactory to write about. The *Times* and *Tribune* both carried multicolumn "accounts" of the Big Three conference at Potsdam, which were in fact accounts of how their



correspondents hadn't been allowed to find out what was happening there. The *Times*, apparently to make the story more complete, also carried an account of how the Associated Press correspondent had not been allowed to find out what was happening, too. The *Times* and *Tribune* both gave a heavy play to the fact that President Truman and Marshal Stalin had had liver and onions for lunch. The other big story in both papers was about the night shelling of the coast of Japan by the combined British and American fleets. Spot-news accounts of naval actions, however, are simply jumbles of clichés from which any real information is automatically excluded, since correspondents on ships can't see what is being shot at or whether it's being hit, and wouldn't be allowed to tell about it if they could. It is also forbidden to report losses, if any. The result is like an account of an invisible baseball game without the score. There were some interesting minor items of foreign news (all of which could have been got onto less than one page), and the rest of the *Times'* forty-two pages and the *Tribune's* forty-six pages were made up of Arthur Krock and Mark Sullivan and Bonwit Teller. The *Times*, in addition, carried a poem in a headline on page 2: "Enemy Firmer in Burma."

THERE are, of course, days when there is important news and you would give anything to have a paper. There didn't happen to be such a day during the seventeen-day strike, but once I thought there was going to be one. The British general election was held on July 5th, and I innocently thought the news of the results would be available in the morning papers of July 6th. I sent an office boy over to the *Times* to get me a paper, and when he brought it back I learned that the results wouldn't be known for three weeks because the service men's mail votes had to be counted. This gave me a lot more time in which not to mind the strike. I used some of it in constructive thought about the solution of the whole newspaper problem.

Abolition, I can say immediately, is not the answer. What I'd like to recommend is to get out large newspapers only on days when there is a lot of news, supplementing them on the intervening days with small bulletins containing such essential matter as race charts, market reports, and weather information. This will seem to some a radical solution. I can already hear the first objection editorialists will raise. They



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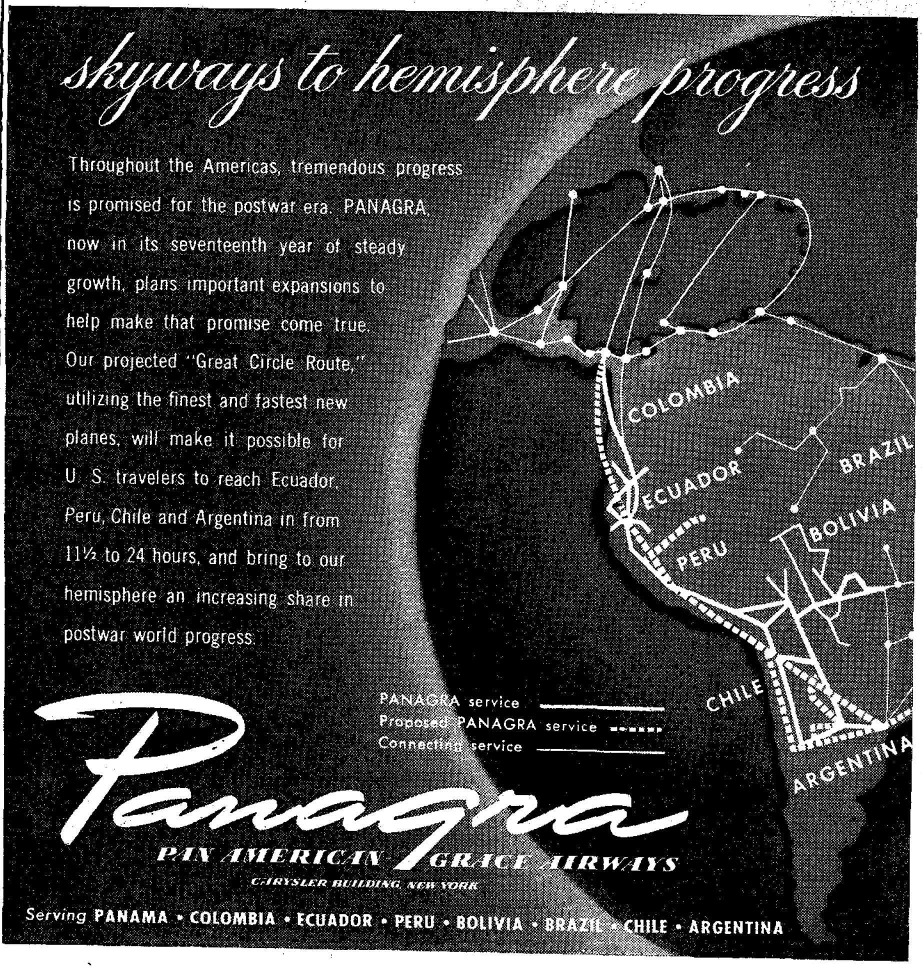

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will say that to handle big news adequately you must have a big, competent organization in a state of constant readiness, that you can't simply send out a call for newspapermen after the news starts to break, and that then, having this big, competent organization on hand, there's nothing to do but go ahead and put out a newspaper. I think the strike, which taught us that people do not care to read newspapers with no news in them (I do not take into consideration the hundreds of small boys who formed lines at the *Daily News* and bought a couple of hundred papers apiece, in the hope of reselling them to comic-strip fans), has furnished us with the answer to this particular argument. Mrs. Dorothy Schiff Thackrey, publisher of the New York *Post*, improvised, under the pressure of strike conditions, a technique which it seems to me may save New York journalism. During the strike, the *Post*, like all other New York papers, maintained full employment in its editorial, mechanical, and advertising departments. Members of the editorial staff, for instance, reported at their regular hours, received assignments, covered their stories—presumably warning the subjects of their interviews that they were to be quoted—and wrote the stories to meet deadlines. The copy was then edited and set up. Up to this point the procedure paralleled that of other struck newspapers. But—and this is the crucial detail, which suggests that Mrs. Thackrey belongs, like T. S. Eliot, among those whom a contemporary critic has termed "culture heroes," the openers of new vistas—*the Post printed no papers!* To carry her innovation one step farther, it is only necessary that, on days when there is no strike, the drivers report with their trucks and make their routes but just don't deliver anything. In this way newspapers could be maintained intact between outbreaks of news, without impairment of employment; the staffs could be kept up to snuff, perpetually rehearsing between incidents. We do not ask of an army under peacetime conditions that it go out and stage a massacre every day to justify its existence. We do not demand that a fire company rush out and break the windows of a store that is not on fire. And the dissemination of news, when there is some, is a matter of public interest, just as much as fighting a war or a fire. If you doubt me, you have only to consult any of the last three thousand and ten public speeches of Dean Carl Ackerman of the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism. Why not, then, a standing establishment of newspapers?

I can anticipate the objections to this plan of a few diehard laissez-faire economists like Dr. Friedrich Hayek and Dr. Ruth B. Alexander, but I am prepared for them, too. Let the members of the public kick in with their two or five cents for their favorite daily paper on days when the paper does not appear. If it is worth a nickel to read the *Sun*, it is certainly worth a nickel not to. In fact, it is a bargain. There may be some interesting changes in circulation figures, because it is worth just as much not to read the *News* as it is not to read any of the five-cent papers. The already vast circulation of the *News* would grow vaster. A man who had to pay five cents not to read The Newspaper *PM* would be a sucker to give up the money, in fact, when for only two cents he could avoid reading Captain Patterson's little *Ausgabe*. These are details, however, that the circulation departments could work out among themselves. The funnies could be published outright in large, satisfying books, suitable for throwing at Dr. Hayek. There would be, it may be objected, a certain loss in advertising revenue (The Newspaper *PM* has, of course, managed to get along without advertising), but I contend that the great saving in newsprint effected by not printing the papers on days when there is no news would more than compensate. This might make it feasible, in time, to refrain from printing a paper at a cost of only four cents a nonexistent copy, or, in the case of the two-cent papers, 1.685, which would be even cheaper than the present costs of not refraining from printing them. The newsprint saved could be shipped to southern Tunisia to be made into newspapers for the Arabs, who have been getting off too damn easy so far anyway. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

Stewart C. Coey, Jr.
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This will acknowledge your recent letter and the identification bracelet that you sent to us for repairs.

The repairs will be executed as you instructed, and when the work is finished, shipment will be made to you at the above address in accordance with your surroundings.

Very truly yours,
Black, Starr & Gorham, Inc.

—*Letter from Black, Starr & Gorham to an American in Germany.*

Squalid though they may be.

THE RACE TRACK

Ladies' Day

HAVING been one of the first to suggest, timidly, that Gallorette was probably the best three-year-old hereabouts, I was especially pleased to see her win the Empire City at Jamaica last Saturday. Ever since she beat Hoop Jr. (remember him?) in a minor race early in the season and then gave Jeep a bad scare in the Wood Memorial, she has been building herself a solid reputation. She won the Acorn Stakes, the Pimlico Oaks, and the Delaware Oaks, and it is generally believed that she would have won the Coaching Club American Oaks if she had been nominated for it. Horses have to be nominated for the Coaching Club American Oaks years in advance, just as young ladies are for Miss Spence's school, and at the time the lists closed, W. L. Brann, who owns her, hadn't the tiniest notion that she would be as good as she is. Amateur handicappers say that Gallorette's best race was in the Dwyer Stakes, when Wildlife managed to beat her by what Moxie the Dice Cheater called a dirty nose. In the Empire City, she chased Pavot for nearly a mile, wore him down in the stretch, and won by almost a length. I must say that she didn't look her best before the race. Gallorette isn't a particularly handsome filly at any time, but she is a rangy animal, of the type that goes on forever. It will make her stable very happy if she does, because so far this season she has earned around $90,000.

Horseplayers say that when fillies beat colts, the colts are no great shakes. Watching Esteem and Coincidence run out of the money in the Empire City, I felt that there might be something to it. The crowd made Pavot the favorite, though he had finished last in the Dwyer, at Aqueduct, the week before. Some horsemen say that Pavot faded out in that race because there were a lot of tiny fragments of clamshell on the track and the stuff tickled his feet. They say that when the racing strip was done over last spring some broken shells got into the top dressing. That may have been one reason for the topsy-turvy form at the meeting. Colonel Martingale thinks that Pavot, who spends his holidays on Maryland's Eastern Shore, where many of the roads

Hold on!

Blackie: "How thoughtless of somebody to throw this rubber ball into the basket, Whitey."

Whitey: "It must have been a mistake, Blackie—because nobody wants to waste anything these days."

True words, Whitey—especially where BLACK & WHITE is concerned. There isn't too much of it to go around these days, but every drop is precious. So please drink it sparingly until there is a more plentiful supply to go around. (Soon, we hope.)

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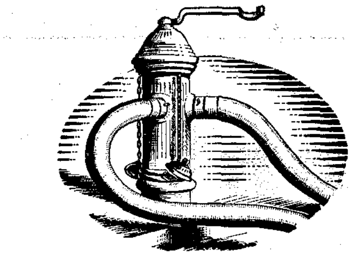

URCHIN'S BEST FRIEND

As summer suns scorch sizzling city streets, fire hydrants everywhere spurt cooling streams on grateful urchin heads.

Also well known to starry-eyed debutantes and tight-lipped tycoons as an unfailing source of parking tickets, fire hydrants are as volatile as a prima donna.

Under ordinary city gravity, for instance, a hydrant's pressure often averages as low as 35 pounds per square inch, perfect for urchin cooling. But high pressure hydrants may be boosted to as much as 300 pounds, to hurl an effective stream 100 feet high from a 2½-inch hose. Indispensable in fire fighting, the hydrant's work is done when a fire is out.

1842 ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY 1945

Not so Atlantic Fire Insurance. Non-assessable, it provides a prompt and ungrudging adjustment on the loss caused by the fire—plus a profit-sharing dividend, with no deduction for your particular loss.

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You will want to discuss Atlantic Fire Insurance with your own broker or agent. He will probably also suggest that Atlantic insures goods in transit, furs, fine arts, jewelry and other forms of personal property.

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are paved with crushed shells, acquired his dislike for them there. A likely story, you say? Well, War Kilt, who ran so abominably at Aqueduct, winters on the Eastern Shore too, and she won by eight lengths in her first start at Jamaica the other afternoon.

To get down to the serious business of straight, place, and show at Jamaica last week, something named Peggy Only paid a $272.30 mutuel, Happy Indian paid $198, and Sam Bernard paid $88.30. One sentimental horseplayer I know took a ticket on Sam Bernard just because he remembered seeing the actor of that name in "The Girl from Kay's." There were other promising tips and hunches that didn't click. Crossed Action was backed heavily for the East View Stakes, probably because Arcaro rode him, but he disobligingly finished seventh. Lots of people expected First Fiddle to run better in the Yonkers Handicap than he had at Aqueduct. He didn't; he came in far behind Wait a Bit, who won comfortably from Stymie. Then there was an extraordinary and misguided plunge on an animal named Seamanlike that is impossible to explain.

No one was really surprised when Beaugay beat Enfilade in the Lassie Stakes at Washington Park, in Chicago, the other day. After all, Beaugay had beaten Enfilade before, in the Fashion, at Belmont. The result of the Washington Park Stars and Stripes Handicap, later in the week, was something else again. Thumbs Up, fresh from his triumphs at Santa Anita, couldn't give twenty-four pounds to a fugitive from Class C named, appropriately enough, Devalue, who won by a nose and paid $19.20.

William Helis, who was born in Greece, isn't going to give Greek names to any more of his horses. Too many of his compatriots have been backing Helis also-rans. —Audax Minor

•

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Davidson of Winnipeg, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mabel, to John Glendower Parry, youngest son of Mrs. M. S. Parry, 2425 W. 3rd Ave., Vancouver, and the late Capt. Melville Sims Parry. The wedding will take place Saturday, roads piled high with rhubarb and turnips, anything that can be eaten June 2, 1945, at 7:15 p.m., in Canadian Memorial church.—*Winnipeg paper.*

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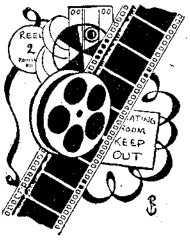
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cooper on Horseback

IN "Along Came Jones," Gary Cooper is that hardy perennial of movie plots, the awkward, timorous character who is mistaken for a killer. It is perhaps unfortunate that Mr. Cooper has to pretend an ignorance of firearms in a cow-country setting, where he has so often in the past manipulated weapons with a grim and lethal competence, but the script compensates for this unlikely handicap by providing him with a muscular prowess that Joe Louis might well envy. The film, confected by Nunnally Johnson, is an attempt to burlesque the usual Western, and it frequently succeeds in its purpose quite amiably, despite Mr. Cooper's persistent efforts to improve on the joke by making it just a bit more obvious. It's about time somebody told Mr. Cooper, who must be upward of forty, that a great big man looks awfully silly when he tries to be as arch as a teeny little boy. For all that, "Along Came Jones" includes enough of the uproar that Hollywood has always associated with sleepy Western towns to keep the customers reasonably diverted. While the picture, which Mr. Cooper himself produced, is composed of most of the standard ingredients—the stagecoach holdup, the posse, the chase, the battle in the hills, and the gun duel—it departs sharply from tradition in the treatment it accords its heroine, a girl named Cherry, played by Loretta Young. Cherry, who usually appears in casual frocks that look as though they had been turned out by Schiaparelli, is a lady whose virtue is constantly suspect, and she is referred to as a "skonk." In his rôle as a killer, Dan Duryea is compelled, in one scene, to quiz Mr. Cooper with no more tact than a gossip columnist about what really happened the night Mr. Cooper stayed over at Cherry's ranch. Nice talk, I must say.



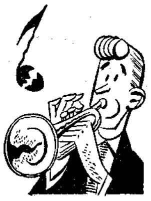
AN extremely troublesome aspect of many United States Navy documentaries is their tendency to employ commentaries more suitable to the recording of an Army-Navy football game than of a death struggle between major powers. When such a commentary is coupled with visual monotony, as it is in "The Fleet That Came to Stay," a twenty-minute account of our Navy's activities off Okinawa, the result is regrettable. The sight of a Japanese plane being torn to ribbons by flak is an exciting business. But when plane after plane—and the camera picks up a fair proportion of the more than four thousand destroyed at Okinawa—is caught in the same predicament, one's interest doesn't remain at the same high pitch. Incidentally, if Navy anti-aircraft fire continues to be as good as it evidently was at Okinawa, all the Japanese planes are due to wind up in the Kamikaze class.

SETTING out to have a look at "Anchors Aweigh," a Technicolor musical with Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and Kathryn Grayson, one morning last week, I misjudged my schedule so grossly that I found myself in the Capitol Theatre in time to hear Johnnie Johnston, a blond crooner, bring forth enraptured squeals from an audience of impressionable adolescents. This put me in a rather nervous state, but it put the little ones in fine voice to greet Frank Sinatra, and I heard little of the dialogue over their caterwauling. What I did hear was pretty discouraging, as was everything else about the picture except some excellent dancing by the reliable Gene Kelly. The film has to do with a couple of sailors in Hollywood, and José Iturbi turns up in it periodically. Just how it all came out I don't know, since along about the middle of the piece a young lady alongside me—and may all her children have St. Vitus dance—began to moan, "Send me, Frankie." Whatever Mr. Sinatra did for her, he sent me all right, and the quiet of the streets fell sweetly on my ear.

"WITHIN THESE WALLS" demonstrates that a warden's lot is not a happy one, particularly if his son is an inmate of the jailhouse he is supervising and if his daughter is in love with a convict so handsome that he looks like a man of distinction even in prison drab. The convolutions of the plot eventually move the warden's daughter to remark helplessly, "There is no solution to all this." Although she is plainly right, the film keeps looking around for one. Whoever got Thomas Mitchell involved in all this deserves ten to twenty years at the minimum.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

Popular Record News!
by Dave Dexter, Jr.



★ NO MANNER of entertainment is more exciting, more dramatic and quite so memorable as a recording session. No matter if it be a symphony or a Viennese waltz, a New Orleans jazz classic or a Cole Porter ballad, one senses electricity in the atmosphere. Occasionally the red light will flash and the musicians will faultlessly follow the baton without ever approximating a near-miss. But more often a trumpet "clinker" or the squeak of a reed will rudely interrupt a reading, and a new start—a different "master" record—must carefully be attempted again.

Often as many as twenty "masters" are used before the perfect performance is captured. It is therefore imperative that the finest equipment be used; the studio, the microphones, control board instruments and the sharp-eared engineer all must be unexcelled if the "A Master," when it is obtained, is to faithfully reproduce the performance with unerring accuracy and fidelity.

Skilled and progressive engineers have developed the art of recording to its highest state of perfection in the three years that Capitol Records, Inc., has been in operation. Top tunes, top artists and top engineering standards as combined by Capitol have swiftly established Capitol as a leader within the recording industry. There's a knack to producing best-selling records month after month, and that knack, as in other endeavors, comes from savvy and know-how as well as experience, experiments and the excellence of artists and their material. Capitol has all that. *Spin a Capitol record on your turntable and hear the difference!*

(*Advertisement*)

LETTER FROM BERLIN

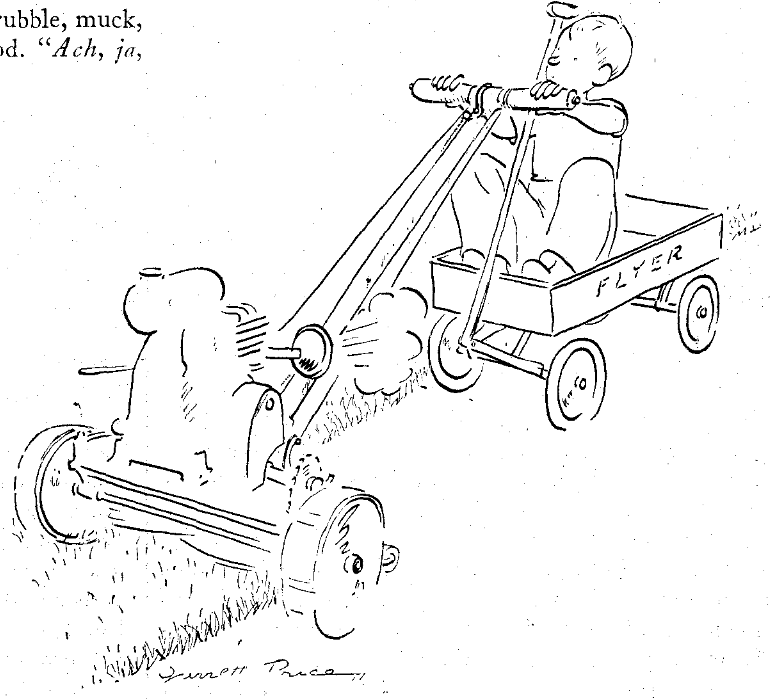
JULY 14 (BY WIRELESS)

SOME days ago, on Unter den Linden, I was staring through an iron gate barring the approach to what is left of the Ehrenmal, the Prussian equivalent of our Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, when two girls stopped beside me, also to stare. Each had a rucksack filled with wood on her back. There is no cooking gas in Berlin, no coal, no oil; householders burn wood from ruined buildings and dwellings, and they have no trouble finding plenty. The Ehrenmal, dedicated in 1931, is in the *Alte Wache*, or old guardhouse, a small, once handsome structure with walls of chaste limestone, built about a century and a quarter ago. For generations, at twelve-thirty in the afternoon every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, the guard outside the *Alte Wache* was changed while Berliners looked on with the same delight with which Londoners used to watch the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. The Ehrenmal, a slab of black granite bearing a wreath of silver and gold oak leaves and an inscription honoring the Prussians who died in the last war, was placed so that the illumination from a round skylight in the dome of the guardhouse shone on it. There is no guard outside the *Alte Wache* now. Its limestone walls are no longer chaste and the illumination from the shattered skylight is augmented by the light that comes through the jagged holes in the dome. The slab and the wreath of the Ehrenmal are still there, visible through the entrance, but the wreath has been jarred off the slab and both are littered with rubble, muck, and charred lumps of wood. "*Ach, ja*, poor Berlin," one of the girls said as they turned away. "How they beat us to pieces!"

The R.A.F. and our Eighth Air Force together dropped more than a hundred and fifty-six million pounds of bombs on Berlin. No one knows which section got it worst, for the complete figures on the damage won't be in for several months. Perhaps they will show that the parts worst hit were workers' districts like Wedding and Köpenick. Nevertheless, Unter den Linden, the center of a target known to the Eighth Air Force as "Big B," or downtown Berlin, certainly got its share. The street, which, as everyone must remember, got its name from the rows of linden trees in the great pedestrian island down its middle, is a hundred and ninety-eight feet wide and nearly a mile long, and it is the hub of Berlin's east-west axis. In prewar days, with its jewelry shops, bureaus for luxury travel, salesrooms for custom-made automobiles, hotels such as the Adlon and the Bristol, and restaurants whose food, drink, and service made you think of Ernst Lubitsch pictures, it was one of the world's great avenues. On it, too, were the University, the State Library, Frederick the Great's State Opera, the Ministries of Interior and Finance, and the American, French, and Soviet Embassies. Not much is left of these buildings; most of them are shells at best.

Take the Adlon, down at the street's western end, close to the Brandenburg Gate. If you ignore the fact that its doors and windows are bricked up as a precaution against bomb blast, it looks from the outside as you might expect a first-rate metropolitan hotel to look. Inside, it is a fire-gutted shambles, a circumstance for which, it appears, the cupidity of the proprietor, Herr Adlon, is responsible. Before Berlin fell, on May 2nd, the Adlon had nearly four hundred thousand bottles of vintage wine in its cellar. As the Russian Army closed in on the city, somebody on the hotel's staff began worrying about these treasures and went to the boss. "*Um Gottes willen*, Herr Adlon," he is supposed to have said, "what are you going to do about all that wine? The Russians are coming and you don't want them to get it, do you? Give it to the people in the streets. Pour it down the sewers. *Um Christi willen*, Herr Adlon!" Herr Adlon replied that he would think it over. He thought it over so carefully, weighing and counterweighing every possibility with such thoroughness, that he had disposed of only a few gross of bottles, to his employees, at nine marks apiece, before the Red Army arrived in Berlin. Its enlisted men, as the enlisted men of any army in the world would have done, got into the wine cellar of the Adlon. They had succeeded in drinking only a few hundred bottles, however, when the hotel caught fire from, it is said, a lighted cigar dropped on a carpet by an exhilarated staff sergeant. Four hundred and ten of the Adlon's four hundred and fifty bedrooms and all of its two hundred and fifty-five baths were burned out, and the remainder of Herr Adlon's stock of bottled goods was turned into a pool of molten glass.

Or take the State Opera House, grandfather to the Scala in Milan and great-great-grandfather to the Metropolitan in New York. Its façade, including the Latin inscription on the lintel above its columns, announcing that Fredericus Rex gave the building to Apollo and the Muses, is intact. When you go inside, you realize that even a massed choir of Carusos and Chaliapins couldn't fill it with sound, for there is practically nothing left to fill. This is not the building's first bit of bad luck. It was opened in 1743, and its interior was burned out a century later; then it was restored, and in 1928 completely modernized. It was burned out again, by the R.A.F.'s incendiaries, two centuries after its erection, but was quickly restored by the Nazis and reopened. I suspect that Fredericus Rex would have had some rather strong reactions had he been present on that reopening night. "Lohengrin," sung by the Reich's foremost artists, nourished the Führer's passion for Wagner and was at least a nod in Apollo's direction, but for those of the Party's leaders whose favorite muse was Terpsichore,

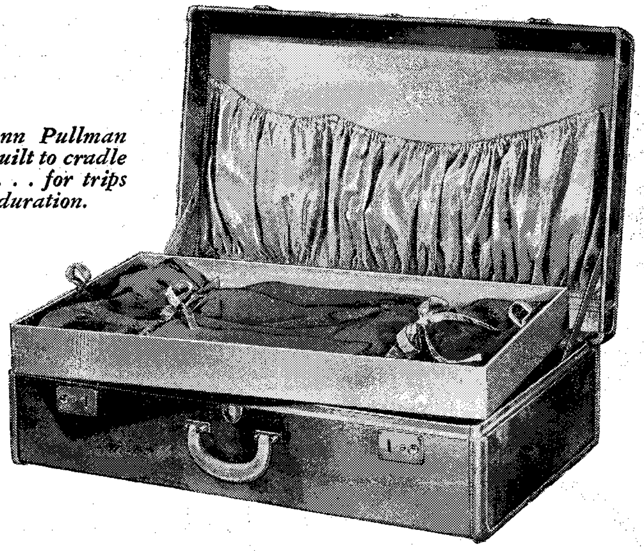


there was a *Nackt-ballet*, or a posse of *Tanzgirls* with no clothes on, which performed fulsomely in each of the opera's intermissions. Later, the Eighth got the building again, for the third time, on one of its Big B operations.

WITH some friends, I walked one day down the short, narrow Oberwallstrasse, which runs off Unter den Linden. What we saw there can, with a few variations, be seen today in hundreds of Berlin side streets. There had been fighting in the Oberwallstrasse; a wrecked American halftrack with S.S. license plates lay keeled over to starboard, and other military vehicles were strewn along behind it. A howitzer from the last war, which residents of the district told us had been taken from the Zeughaus, Berlin's military museum, and pressed into service, lay on its side. Clearly, the Russian heavy artillery had found the range. The Oberwallstrasse had also been bombed. Half of one large dwelling house had been sheared off, leaving four stories of rooms exposed to view. In one ground-floor room stood a small lathe which had doubtless been used to make parts of military instruments; during the war there was a great deal of *Heimarbeit*, or parlor manufacture, in Berlin.

Halfway up the street, an elderly woman and a little girl were foraging for fuel in another wrecked house. A sign on one wall of it said, in German, "Warning! As per order of the Herr Police President of Berlin, this property has been strewn with a highly poisonous rat exterminator. Children and domestic animals are to be kept at a distance." The old woman and the little girl hadn't read the sign or, more likely, didn't care. Under a fallen joist the child found a man's left shoe, in fairly good condition, and this she put into her rucksack. Single shoes are a commodity on Germany's black market.

In the gutter in front of another house we came across a soggy, coverless book that turned out to be Longfellow. "Life is real! Life is earnest!" and "Under a spreading chestnut tree" look funny in German; so does "*Auf den Ufern Gitschigummi sass der kleine Hiawatha.*" Two youths who had been watching us came over. One said that in better days he had enjoyed Longfellow; the other had been fascinated by Edgar Allan Poe. They were medical students waiting for the university to reopen and give them a chance to go on with their studies. That would not be for some time, I told them rather magisterially, as though I were a member of the Allied



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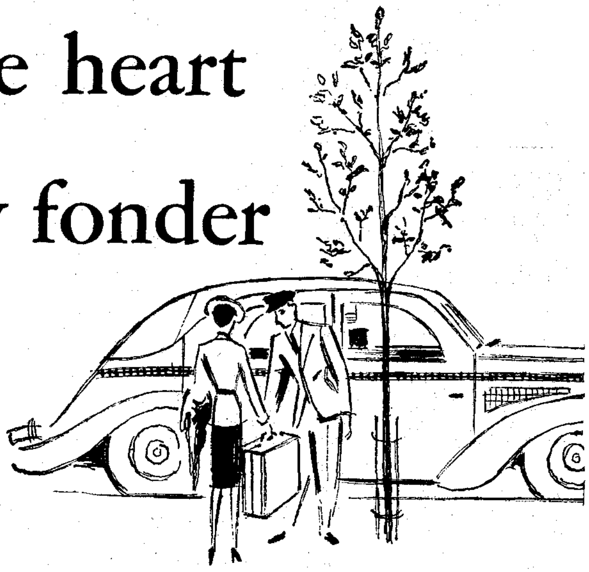

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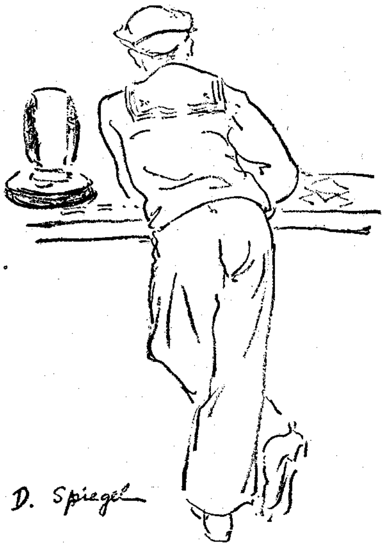
Control Commission. I pointed out that although we took Aachen last October, only the first four grades of its grammar schools had been opened so far and that nobody expected the university in Heidelberg to resume operation for at least another year. The two young men were surprised to learn that so little educational progress had been made elsewhere in Germany. Shortly after the capture of Berlin, they said, the Russians had reopened all the pre-university schools that were still standing. The only reason the university hadn't reopened, they said, was that it had been *ausgebombt.*

MY friends and I walked back to Unter den Linden. A pale, bald man with protruding black eyes pedalled slowly by on a bicycle with no tires on its wheels. A hunchback, whose legs accounted for three-quarters of his height, trudged past in a blue windbreaker and checked trousers, pushing a handcart loaded with three empty barrels. Two trucks came along. One was a Studebaker 4x6, driven by a Russian soldier and carrying three Holstein cows, who looked poorly. The other was a German vehicle, painted black and powered by a wood-burning gas generator. Unter den Linden used to swarm with pedestrians and traffic, but now there was little of either. In front of the Brandenburg Gate a pretty Russian Wac, with the help of two flags, was directing what traffic there was. Above the gate's arches hung a Russian banner inscribed "Long live the Soviet Armies that planted their victory standards in Berlin!" On top of the gate, the outside right horse in the famous sculptured team of four steeds pulling Victory's chariot badly needed a veterinary.

A thin old man, who must have taken us for Russians, approached and said in a whining voice, "*Guten Tag,* comrades. Can you spare me a little tobacco?" He wore a black homburg that almost covered his ears, a wing collar and a string tie, a dark suit and overcoat that were very neatly brushed and pressed, and beautifully shined black shoes. We turned him down, and he sorrowfully walked on with his hands clasped behind him. A curly-haired, actorish-looking fellow in his thirties, wearing plus-fours and a canary pullover, came up to us and offered to pay cash for cigarettes. We said that we had all the cash we wanted, and he too went away. Next we got talking with a pale youth who was carrying a portfolio. He told us that he was a Jew and showed us his card to prove it. Jews and half-Jews in Berlin have identification cards issued by the Russians. Each card has the bearer's photograph, declares that he is a victim of National Socialism, and asks that he be given special consideration. This youth didn't mention tobacco. When one of us handed him a cigarette, he was overwhelmed.

No tobacco has been sold legally in Berlin since May 2nd. On the black market a single cigarette costs from fifteen to twenty marks (a dollar and a half to two dollars, at the official rate of exchange), depending on its quality. American cigarettes are considered the best, and the standard black-market price for a pack of twenty is three hundred marks, or thirty dollars. This ten-cent valuation of the mark is the arbitrary one set by our Army Finance Department, and the mark's actual purchasing power, even in the open market, is often two and a half to three times greater. The value of a pack of Chesterfields can thus run as high as seventy-five to ninety dollars.

The German word for the butt of a cigarette or cigar is *Kippe.* I'd conservatively estimate that at least two million of the three million Berliners left in the city that was once home for nearly four and a half million are now engaged in *Kippensammlung,* or butt collecting. The butt collecting in Berlin, I do not hesitate to say, is the most intensive on earth, and I am not forgetting the *Kippensammlung* on the Bowery and in the Middle East. Remain stationary on a Berlin street while you smoke a cigarette, and likely as not you will soon have around you a circle of children, able-bodied men, and whiskered old men, all waiting to dive for the butt when you throw it away. A riddle that has achieved wide circulation in the city runs as follows: If you can make one whole ciga-



rette out of three butts, how many can you make out of ten butts? The answer is five. The explanation is that from nine of the ten butts you make three cigarettes, and from the butts of those three you make your fourth cigarette. You make the fifth cigarette from the butt of your fourth, plus the tenth original butt, *plus* a butt you borrow from a friend whom you pay back with the butt of the fifth cigarette after you've smoked it.

Butts are legal tender in the economic system that prevails in Berlin. The other afternoon I was at the home of a woman who was having some glass put in the blown-out windows of her apartment. The glazier had been on the job all day, using old bent nails instead of putty. The woman's fifteen-year-old daughter came into the living room to say that the glazier had finished and was waiting to be paid. "*Na, wo hast du die Kippen gesteckt?*" ("Come now, where have you put the butts?") the mother asked the child, who went out and shortly returned with a silver bowl containing about twenty butts. Her mother took the bowl into the next room, where the glazier had been working, and through the open door I could hear him expressing his ecstatic thanks. "They taste so *wunderschön* in my pipe!" he said. Plainly he was more than satisfied with his day's pay.

—JOEL SAYRE

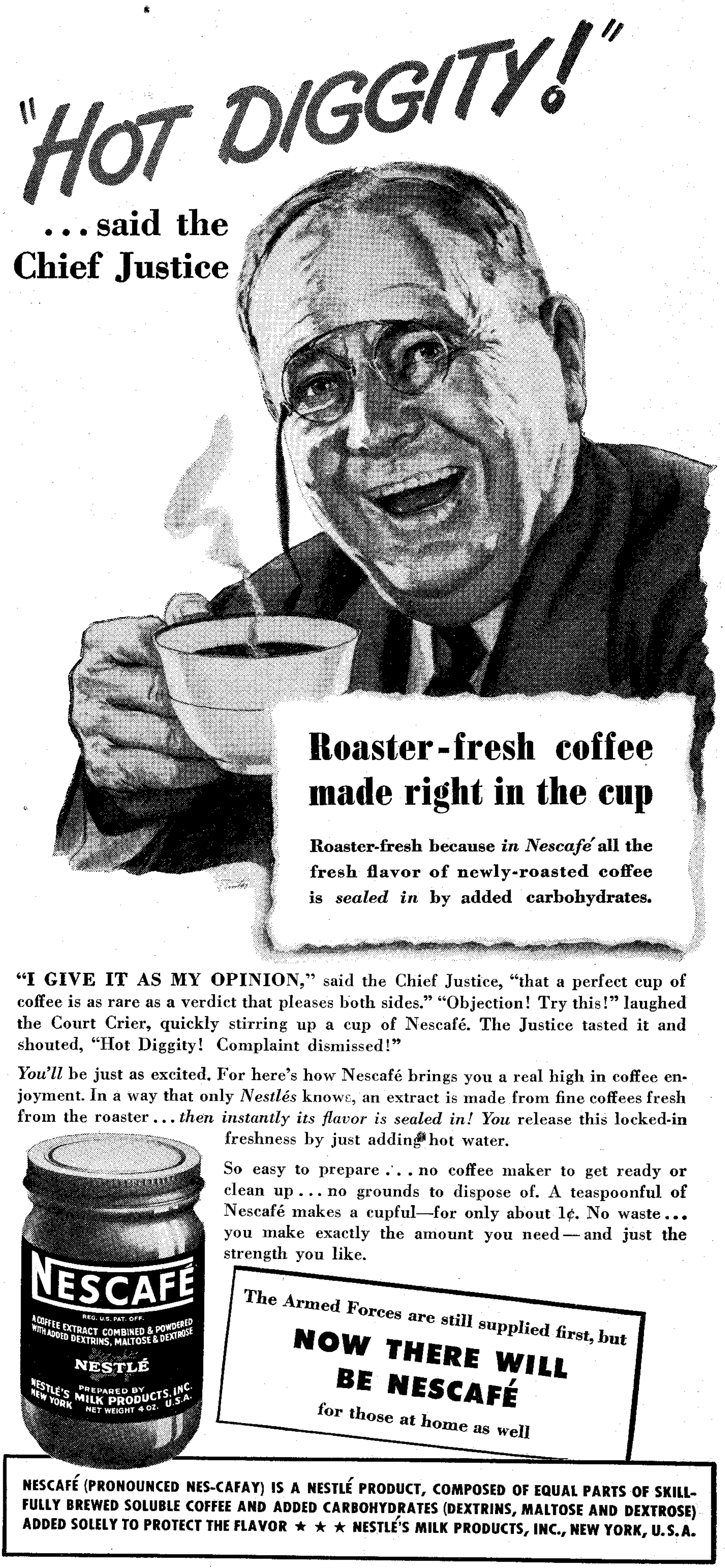
•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Arturo Suarez in the Havana Post*]

Tangee House in New York is not the visitor, but think of it, nevertheless, and while you do, do not fail to also do so of Madame Tevis Huhn, chief holder in the manufacture of the world-wide products for women and manager in the business, of branches thick and wide in living space, with Cuba well represented in the rounds by chief part in sales and results. Mrs. Huhn is here with Mr. Huhn, guests the two at Hotel Nacional. They have been in for two days and have only one more to spare at their disposal for departure back home to the States by way of Miami, both at once to hug their two nice children, then to reassume Tangee for the lady, advertising for him, which in his very words, is very flourishing nowadays.

An entree for a talk with her in the north may be difficult, for her time is well taken up with business and social engagements besides love, care and attentions in the home, but not so in Havana, where reporters managed to rob her of minutes before she and her husband rejoined Mr. Mariño, trade representative for her in Cuba, in then to compliment them at the hotel, later to take them about to places of interest. Mariño, has ever been a good name in Cuba, but not till he took charge of Tangee products has


"HOT DIGGITY!"

. . . said the Chief Justice

Roaster-fresh coffee made right in the cup

Roaster-fresh because *in Nescafé* all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is *sealed in* by added carbohydrates.

"I GIVE IT AS MY OPINION," said the Chief Justice, "that a perfect cup of coffee is as rare as a verdict that pleases both sides." "Objection! Try this!" laughed the Court Crier, quickly stirring up a cup of Nescafé. The Justice tasted it and shouted, "Hot Diggity! Complaint dismissed!"

You'll be just as excited. For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only *Nestlés* knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster . . . *then instantly its flavor is sealed in! You* release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

So easy to prepare . . . no coffee maker to get ready or clean up . . . no grounds to dispose of. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste . . . you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like.

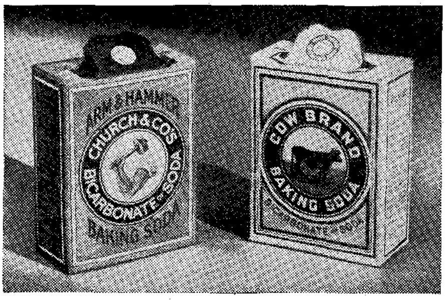
The Armed Forces are still supplied first, but
NOW THERE WILL BE NESCAFÉ
for those at home as well

NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

NESCAFÉ
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A COFFEE EXTRACT COMBINED & POWDERED WITH ADDED DEXTRINS, MALTOSE & DEXTROSE
NESTLÉ
PREPARED BY NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC. NEW YORK U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT 4 OZ.

Our Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda. It may be used with full confidence for any condition that may be benefited by Bicarbonate of Soda treatment. For convenience keep an *extra* package of "Arm & Hammer" or "Cow Brand" Baking Soda in the medicine cabinet.

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA



OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA

Our Baking Soda is an excellent tooth cleanser, too. Used regularly, it helps keep teeth clean, restores their natural color. It has a pleasant, freshening after-taste. And a package, which will give many weeks of brushings, costs but a few cents—at your grocer's.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC., 10 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK 5, N.Y.

he become really famous, so is he for the women, anyway. He retained his reputation with them mostly on Tangee, of help to have increased his business and to be in popular request. That success, alike that of the manufacturers, of the latter on a bigger scale than is conceivable in major dreams, rests on the quality and the brand of the product, scientifically prepared after many an experiment and trials in the laboratory by the charming girl at the time, back in the early twenties, and now attractive woman, tall, slender, blonde and of smart appearance and pleasant countenance, whose only difference from the start is neither her business, large and ever expanding, nor her money, but her patrimony, right and ownership of essentials for looks and happiness, a celebrity in that sense, not to be discussed and much less to be denied her in the presence of women. The New York public thinks of her that much, so it is with the smart people in other parts of the States, no less so in most Latin American countries, all absorbing her entire output for export. She carries a line of products, something of benefit to the general public, of world recognition.

Comparisons. Men wear hats not alone in protection of sun and weather but to look the better figure, so women must have cosmetics and sticks, Tangee to be in the acceptance of all, to look smart, neat and attractive, if to meet the challenge of pulchritude inspired by the better class, and besides, live up to the rules of etiquette. Tangee, so the ads read and many readers agree, adds beauty on people in prolific use of it. It may likewise be the guard against evil rather to be the object of sweet words and looks. Many women going in for a swim to exercise would sink in the pool of regrets were it not for the lift of body and spirit by Tangee on face and lips.

Mrs. Huhn is at home in Cuba from many past visits, also because many girls and women from the States now in Havana, are all apt to intrude on her for interesting talks, on occasion for good sound counsel.

•

EAST RIVER NUDES

They stand,
As if to take a dare,
At water's edge,
Boy bathers,
Bare,
Drawn up
To meet a city stare:

Long legs,
Round heads,
The span between
As spare as wood
And whittled clean,
They make
A river-bank design
As lewd
As clothespins
On a line.

—Mildred Weston

Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE WATER
STOMACHIC AND APPETIZER
IMPORTED

Maybe

Not

Tomorrow

But Soon

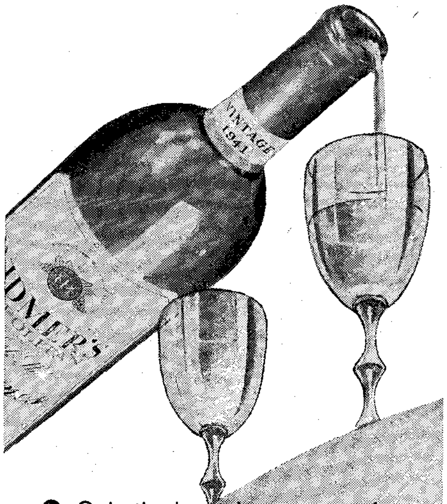
For 156 years, the excellence of Schweppes Beverages and Table Waters has been known throughout the world. And soon, we hope to be able to resume shipments of all of them to America, so that our many good friends over here can again enjoy them.

Schweppes

INDIAN QUININE WATER • GINGER ALE
GINGER BEER • SARSAPARILLA • SODA

Manufactured and Bottled in England by
SCHWEPPES, Ltd.

Sole U. S. Agents: Maxfield & McLeer, Inc. 90 West Broadway, N. Y.



● Only the best wine grapes, vine-ripened to full maturity on the sunny slopes of New York's famed Finger Lakes region, are used in the production of Widmer's Neapolitan Label Wines.

Noted for 30 years for Extra Quality, *these premium selections are well worth the higher cost.*

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths

Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

Home-made Oasis

On a sizzling summer day, you can make your terrace or porch a very pleasant oasis.

To accomplish this, merely serve tall, frosted Mint Juleps . . . made with that smooth and distinctively different whiskey—Four Roses.

Four Roses is still the same great whiskey today as it was before the war. It's a combination of specially distilled whiskies—selected to achieve the magnificent flavor found *only* in Four Roses.

Free Recipe Book

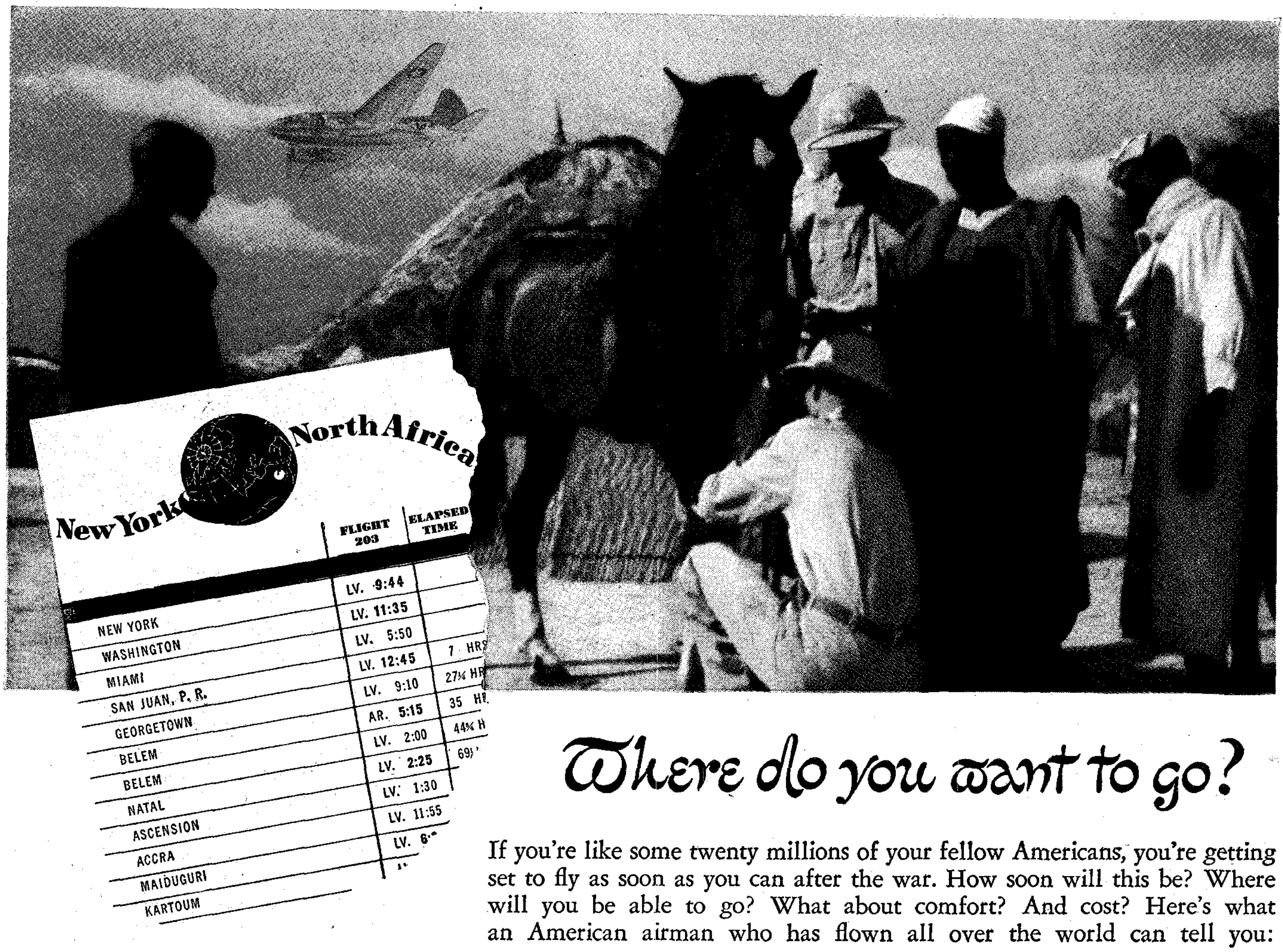
To help you make Mint Juleps—and other mixed drinks—very much on the special side, we'll send you, free, the handsome new Four Roses recipe book. Write: Frankfort Distillers Corporation, Dept. 40, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

FOUR ROSES

The same great whiskey today as before the war

• • •

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

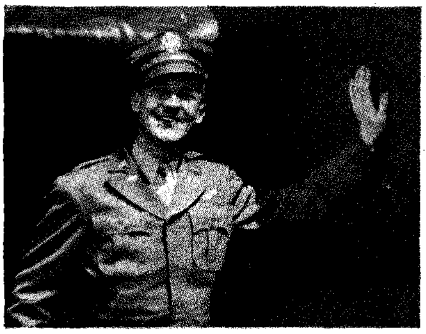


New York North Africa

	FLIGHT 203	ELAPSED TIME
NEW YORK	LV. 9:44	
WASHINGTON	LV. 11:35	
MIAMI	LV. 5:50	
SAN JUAN, P. R.	LV. 12:45	7 HR
GEORGETOWN	LV. 9:10	27¼ HR
BELEM	AR. 5:15	35 HR
BELEM	LV. 2:00	44¾ H
NATAL	LV. 2:25	69
ASCENSION	LV. 1:30	
ACCRA	LV. 11:55	
MAIDUGURI	LV. 6	
KARTOUM		

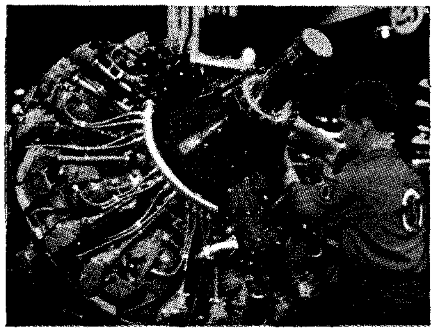
Where do you want to go?

If you're like some twenty millions of your fellow Americans, you're getting set to fly as soon as you can after the war. How soon will this be? Where will you be able to go? What about comfort? And cost? Here's what an American airman who has flown all over the world can tell you:

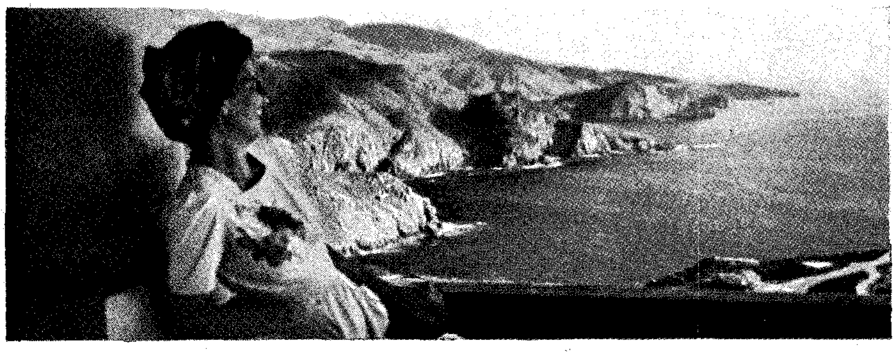


1. "No place worth seeing will be out of reach . . . The main routes are being flown daily — more than 110,000 miles of them. Key airfields are fully developed — hundreds more are in the making. The finest flying equipment ever designed will be ready for use soon after the war ends.

2. "The peacetime versions of the big twin-engine Curtiss Commando, for instance, will carry 36 to 45 people with all the comforts of a drawing room . . . soft, roomy seats — plenty of space — an attractive powder room — complete dining service—they'll be tops in luxury travel . . .



3. "And as for speed . . . well, multi-engine transports can cross the country in six hours. That gives you some idea of the concentration of power in their Wright Cyclone engines — the same dependable engines that power the B-29 Superforts and the giant Martin Mars.



4. "Vacations in Mexico, in Rio, on the Mediterranean, by air, may seem fantastic right now. Yet 27 airlines are already planning to take you to the markets and the playgrounds of the world at a cost well within your reach . . . "

FIRST IN FLIGHT

CURTISS WRIGHT

AIRPLANES • ENGINES • PROPELLERS

TELEPHONE CALL

THERE were so many soldiers standing or sitting in the telephone room that you couldn't see the floor. I didn't recognize any of them, although I'd just come over on the same ship with them from Italy. Behind a counter at the left of the entrance, a row of girls sat at switchboards, their backs to the crowd, and at the counter, behind a glass partition, a girl was writing down the numbers for calls to be put through, another was answering questions, and another was collecting charges. I waited in line, and when my turn came said to the first girl, "I want to make a person-to-person call," and gave her my wife's name. She asked me for the number and I had to tell her I didn't know it, because I'd forgotten it in two and a half years overseas.

"That's all right," she said. "Give me her street address."

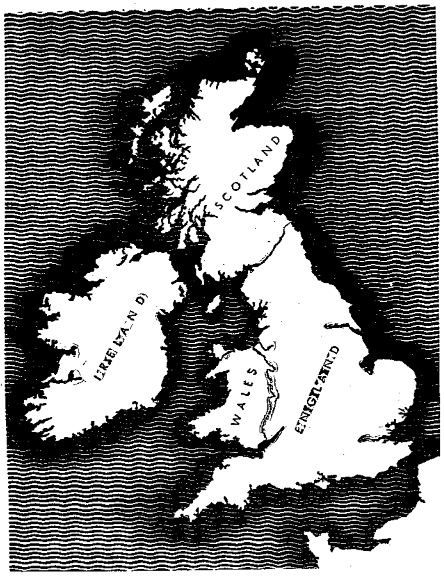
I gave the telephone girl the address of my wife's father and mother in New York City. She'd been living with them ever since I'd been shipped over.

"Is that phone listed under your name?" she asked.

"No," I said, and gave her Mary's father's name. She wrote it down on a charge slip, flipped the charge slip upside down on a pile of others, and smiled at me. I moved over to the next window and asked the girl there if calls were getting through to New York. She said they were, but it took a little time. I sat down and began waiting again.

The room had been set up at the staging area by the telephone company so that soldiers coming back from overseas could call home as soon as they got ashore. There were no windows and the air was dry and stale. The soldiers made a good deal of noise.
On shipboard they had ap-
peared neat enough, but
now their uniforms looked
shabby in comparison with
the clean, new uniforms o
the port personnel. I sa
down by a table with som
newspapers and periodicals
went through the pages of a tab
There were date lines from several big cities in the country, and almost every story was of murder, robbery, or scandal. I tried a movie magazine, but it was full of pictures and stories of actors and actresses who hadn't been famous when I left. There was nothing to do but try to convince myself I was really sitting in a Southern port waiting to talk with my wife in New York. It was a fact, I knew, but it didn't seem possible.

"Sergeant Davis calling Kansas City, in Booth Four," a woman's voice said through a loudspeaker. "Private Edwards calling Chicago, in Booth Sixteen. Private Corey calling Louisville, in Booth One." At each announcement a soldier started moving, and the men between him and his booth stepped aside and watched him pass down the aisle they had formed. I saw soldier after soldier slide into a booth, pull the door shut behind him with one hand, and lift the receiver off the hook with the other. Through the glass of the doors, I saw their faces set and expressionless, closing out the people watching. I wondered if they were also closing their minds to what they were afraid they might hear. Looking at them, I remembered a funny idea I'd had as we were nearing shore that morning. I had been standing on deck, peering out toward the coastline of America, and it had looked just the same to me as other coastlines I had seen. It looked like a shelf extending out into the water, and I imagined that we were going to climb up on the shelf the same way we'd climbed up onto Africa and Europe, out of the sea, and that then we were going to walk inland, curiously, to see what it was like. It occurred to me that you could travel on the sea and come to any shore like that and climb up on it, and everywhere you went you'd find something different; the people that lived on each shelf looked different, the houses they lived in were different, the language they spoke was different. The shelf you ended up on depended on which way you went on the sea, and so the sea was the begin-
ning of the world, always
he same, and the shelves
re only smaller and less
portant parts of the world.
It was a strange way to
hink of America and I
hadn't liked it, but it had
seemed true enough at the
I wished I hadn't thought
way because it made me dif-
erent from the people in America. So far as they were concerned, there was a place called America, and then there was water in any direction and beyond the water were other lands. America was good just because it was America, and everybody understood that. It was the center of everything. The other lands, the ones across the seas, didn't mean much because they had little to



The BRITISH ISLES STILL STAND

You were the principal visitors to these Islands in the days before the war and never did you travel far as strangers, for continually you met reminders of our common heritage. Place names, alone, made you feel at home. But much more than that, birthplaces, ancestral homes and shrines, honored by the memory of the founders of the United States, served but to emphasize our kinship.

In peacetime when you come again, time honored sites must share their age old interest with other and more recent shrines of pilgrimage. Cities which stood up to the fury of the enemy. Cities, towns and villages and whole areas of our countryside where your brave forces made their wartime homes. With what pride will fathers show their sons, and sons their parents and friends, the places where they prepared themselves to fight and conquer the common enemy in their desire for the liberation of mankind and the freedom of the world.

Representation of British Railways in North America is maintained through
T. D. Slattery, General Traffic Manager
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

British Railways

do with America. What they were doing was unimportant.

MY thoughts were interrupted by an announcement on the loudspeaker. The sergeant sitting beside me slapped a friend on the shoulder. "There you are, Tommy," he said. "That's for you." Tommy got up and walked to his booth. The door closed behind him and then he let out a whoop that could be heard all over the room. Everybody else laughed, and so did I.

There was a drinking fountain in one corner of the room. I edged over through the crowd and took a long drink. The men were noisier now, straining their voices to talk above their own original noise, and the girls sitting at the switchboards began looking at the chief operator and pointing to their ears. "You boys will *have* to keep quieter," she said through the loudspeaker. "We just can't even hear ourselves *think*." She was cute about it but also angry. The men shut up.

The switchboard girls argued with Pittsburgh and Detroit and Chattanooga. They sat on swivel chairs, ankles crossed and arms forward, holding back the completion of movements until more words came through their headpieces, talking into the mouthpieces that rested on their chests. A new voice, thick with accents of the South, began calling out names and booth numbers, and I thought I heard my name, but the call was to Vermont. I got up and went nearer the amplifier and stood there waiting. Soldiers and officers were all mixed in together, melted into equality by the need for reaching outside the Army and into civilian life. Looking at them took my thoughts back to the ship again and something that had happened as we came close to shore. As the tugs
ing and pulling us toward a
ody took down the ropes that
the decks into three areas,
ccupied by officers, one for
ted men, one for the Navy
enlisted men and the crew
the officers' lounge and min-
e officers. Customs inspec-
there, and the civilian passen-
s and a reporter from a newspaper. Everybody mingled easily, and it all seemed appropriate to the occasion.

Then, before the ship touched the pier, we were told to get ready to debark. A gangway in the side of the ship had been opened up, and I went below and stood with a group by the opening, staring at another group of soldiers on the pier. The gangplank came up and touched, connecting us with land. A

Proud of your figure?
Perma·lift
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN
Another Hickory Success

Of course you are. Perma-Lift can help you look young and beautiful, can give you that fashion silhouette so important today. In Perma-Lift the exclusive cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust, remain soft yet firm through countless washings and wear. You'll find Perma-Lift at fine stores everywhere $1.25 to $2.50.

Made by the makers of Hickory Juniors, Girdles and Panties, "The Foundation of Loveliness." Trust Perma-Lift and Hickory, trademarks that have stood the test of time. A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York and Los Angeles.

Summertime at the Roney Plaza

. . . is a season of quiet charm and relaxation.

All sports and recreation facilities are at hand. In this sunny land of sparkling surf and cool ocean winds, you may store up new vigor for your wartime duties.

Write soon for Summer reservations

RONEY PLAZA
MIAMI BEACH • FLORIDA
JAMES J. CARROLL, *Managing Director*

AIR CONDITIONED
Cotillion room

Entertainment at 9:15 & 12:15
Minimum $2—Sat. & Sun. $3
MYRUS
Wizard of Mental Telepathy
HARRIS, CLAIRE AND SHANNON
Smartest Ballroom Trio
STANLEY MELBA *and His Orchestra*
Sunday entertainment at
9:15 only. Closed Mondays.

Hotel Pier
PLAZA CIRCLE AT 61st

1·2·3
Roger Stearns
Open Daily and Sunday 5 P.M. (Cl
TABLE D'HOTE DINNER fro
also A LA CARTE
No Federal Tax
123 East 54th St. - PLaza 3-9131

BAIT!

Knowledge of other languages is perfect bait when angling for added business opportunities. Private or small classes. Open 9–9.

630 Fifth Ave.
(at 50th St.)
Circle 6-1416

BERLITZ

band started to play. We started to walk off the ship and down the gangplank. On the pier a port officer formed us into a ragged column and marched us to a train. The engineer waved at us as we filed into the cars and sat down on the green plush seats. Then the train started up, jerkily, and the countryside began moving past the windows.

The train passed through a city with tall buildings and dusty automobiles standing bumper to bumper along the curbs, through the city's slums, and then into a factory district. The windows of the factories were filled with girls in bright-colored sweaters. The girls leaned out and waved, and the soldiers hooted and made catcalls. Other scenes of the day passed quickly through my mind—a band to meet us at the station where we got off the train, a colonel telling us to behave ourselves because people would be watching us, a quart of fresh milk standing at each place at supper in the mess hall, and then the short walk to my barracks and lying there in my bunk thinking that, if I wanted to, I could get up and put in a telephone call and talk to my wife. After a while, the pleasure of thinking about making the call had worn off and I had begun to feel nervous, so I had got up and put on my coat and left the barracks and walked over to the telephone room.

I STOOD in the telephone room now and watched the men as they came out of the booths. Some of them were laughing and some were quiet, as though they were trying not to feel any emotion at all. Some of them looked as though the thing that had happened to them was too big to hold. They began talking to strangers, telling them something, anything, of what had gone on in the booth. Then they went out the door into the night by themselves or sat down in the telephone room next to a friend and looked hurriedly through a magazine, not even seeing the pages. At last my own name was called out through the loudspeaker. I walked toward my booth, pulled the door shut, and picked up the receiver.

—JOHN E. WHELDEN

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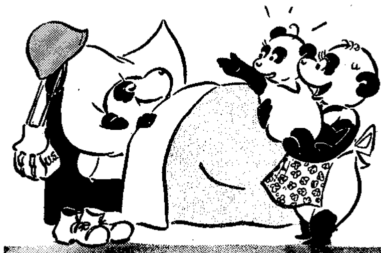
G68
E68G74

(ADVANCE FOR PMS OF SATURDAY JUNE 2 FROM AP NEWSFEATURES)
HOLLYWOOD
MOVIES NEED NEW FEMININE TALENT BECAUSE BETTER ACTRESSES ARE 40 OR CLOSE TO IT (4 BUST THAT
BUST THAT—*A.P. dispatch.*

Just thinking out loud, A.P.?



"No child,
there's nothing wrong with Pappy!
Under Purreys
he's just sleep-happy."

PURREY
by Nashua
TREATED TO PREVENT MOTH DAMAGE
6 FEET WIDE 7½ FEET LONG
(72 X 90 INCHES)
Nashua Mfg. Co.

$6.45*
72x90 INCHES
(6x7½ FEET)

Your returning hero's dreams of that soft, warm bed at home will really come true . . . if you see to it that 90 inch, extra tuck-in length Purrey Blankets are part of the warm welcome you're planning.

Patented construction makes Purrey lighter yet warmer, by actual test, than many blankets costing up to almost twice as much. Purrey's deep nap is filled with countless nap traps (tiny air pockets that catch and hold in warmth). Made of 88% rayon, only 12% wool, in lustrous colors, Purrey's easy to clean and guaranteed five years against moth damage.

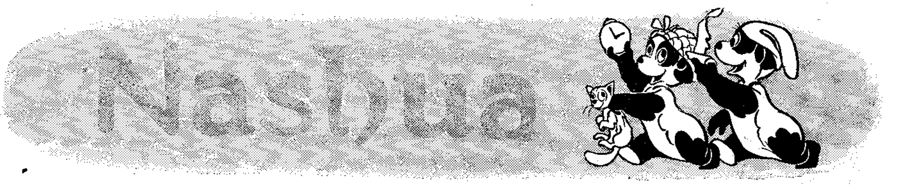
Buy extra War Bonds to insure the success of your home-coming program—for Purreys and Indian Maiden Combed Percale Sheets, the perfect sounder sleep combination.

**Regular* 72 x 84 *size* $5.95. 80 x 90 *double bed oversize* $7.45.

Awarded to the Men and Women of all Divisions

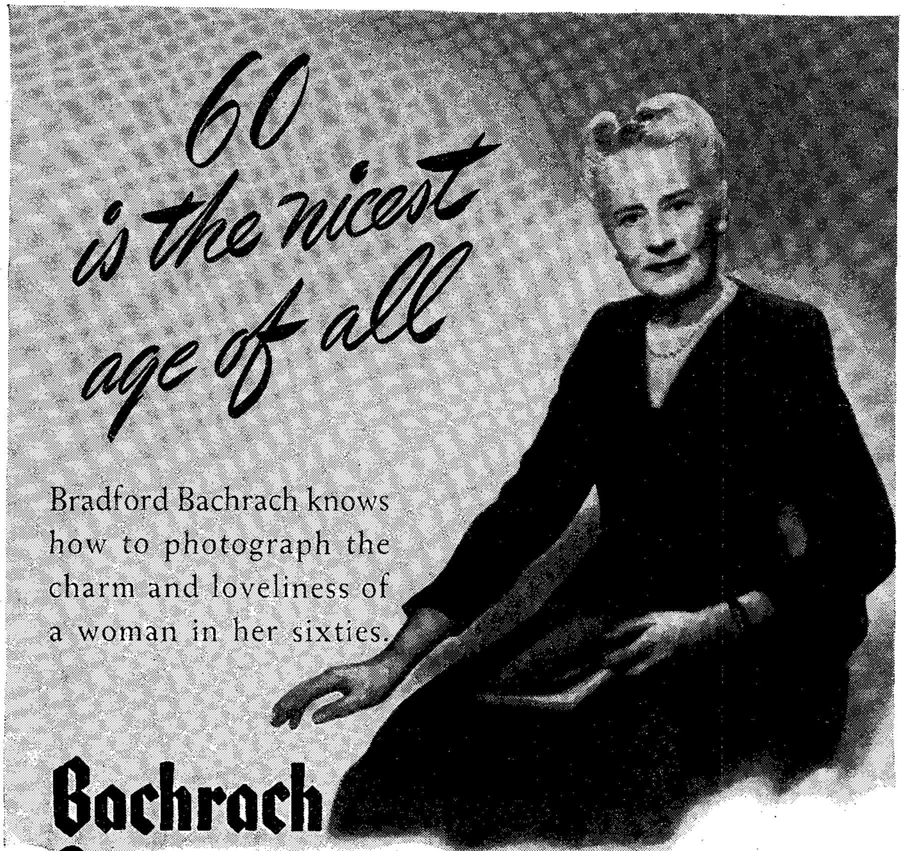
Nashua Mfg. Co.
Incorporated 1823
40 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.

Send for Free booklet telling how more and better nap traps make Purrey warmer.



INDIAN MAIDEN SHEETS • DWIGHT ANCHOR SHEETS • WELWYN VIRGIN WOOL BLANKETS • INDIAN HEAD CLOTH

Purrey Blankets, invented at the Nashua Mfg. Co., Nashua, N. H., are protected by U. S. Pat. No. 2,208,533



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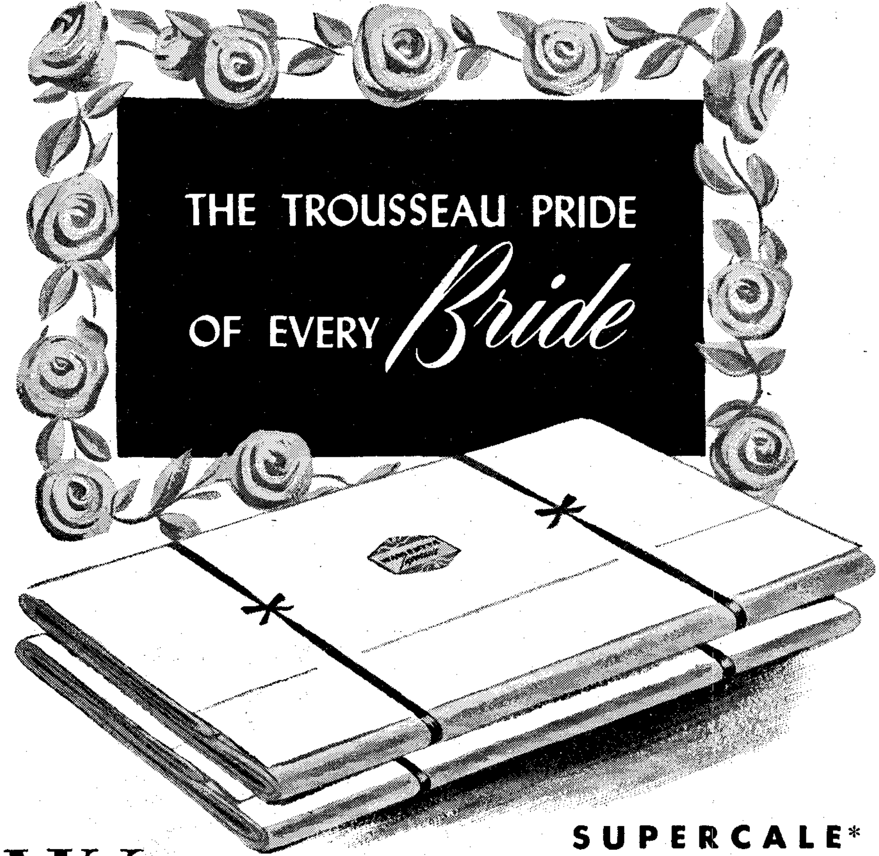

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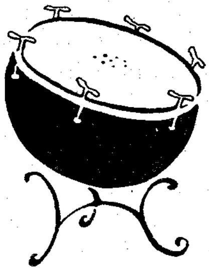
MUSICAL EVENTS

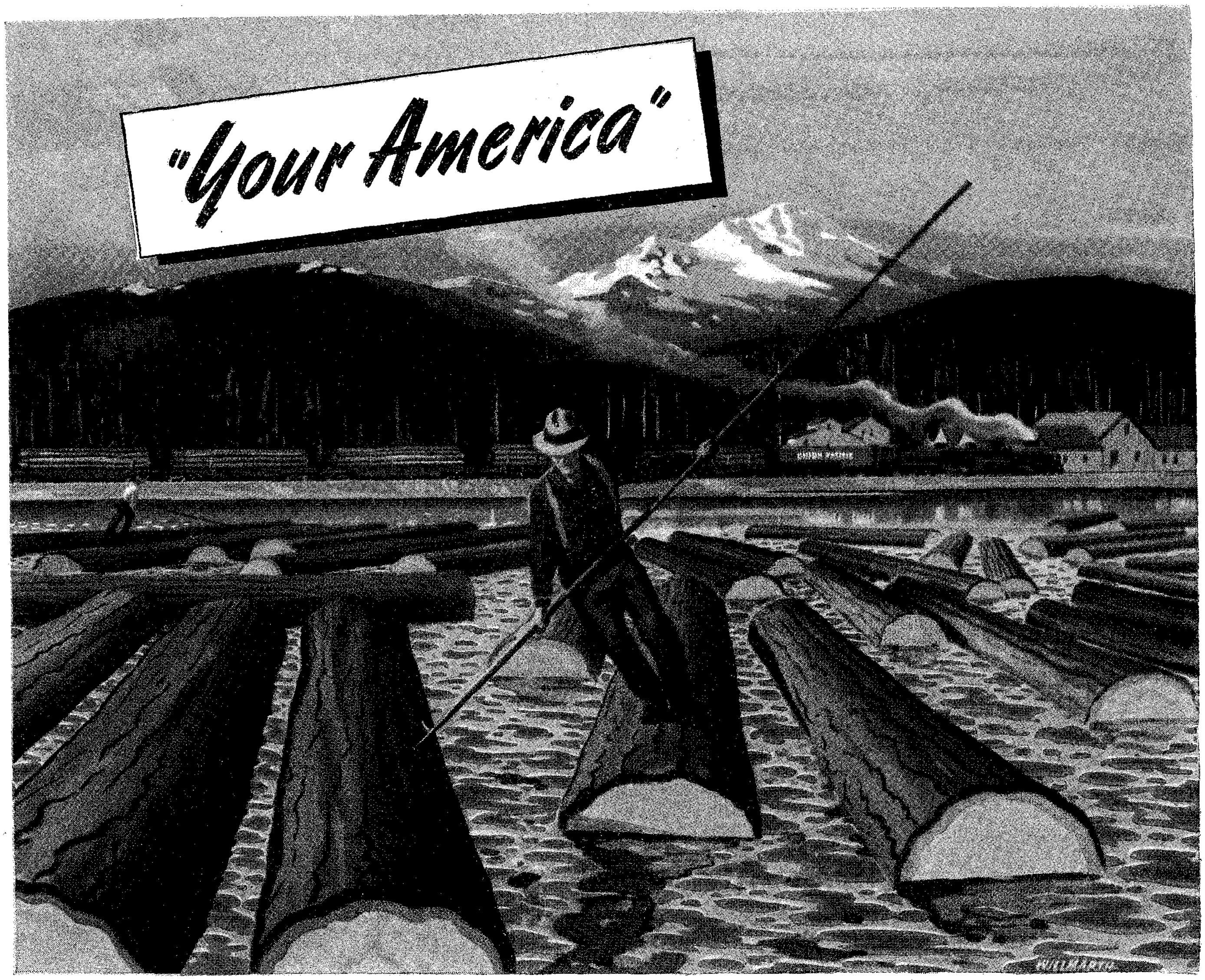
Midsummer



MOST of the Stadium Concerts programs are made up of standard orchestral music, but occasionally the patrons are treated to a night of opera or ballet, or even a sizable serving of popular tunes. Recently the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the direction of Al Goodman, devoted most of one evening to a program of popular songs, with Dinah Shore as soloist. The concert was an emphatic success. Mr. Goodman, a knowing and experienced conductor, handled the orchestra with ease and efficiency. Some of the instrumentalists seemed to be a trifle uncomfortable among the current airs, but Mr. Goodman was an alert and energetic guide. Miss Shore turned out to be one of the most engaging soloists the Stadium Concerts have ever had, and one of the most informal. She replied to greetings from the audience, chatted a bit with the customers, and, all told, gave a pleasantly impromptu touch to the program. Her singing was charming and expert, but the electrical amplification wasn't exactly flattering to her voice. There are many concert singers, it might as well be said, who would find it profitable to study Miss Shore's skillful and often subtle treatment of texts and musical phrases.

Something new in ballet presentation was exhibited at the Stadium in "Leonide Massine's Ballet Russe Highlights," with Mr. Massine and the accomplished Irina Baronova, Anna Istomina, Kathryn Lee, Andre Eglevsky, and Yurek Lazowski. The "Highlights" included a large assortment of short dance arrangements and excerpts from longer ballets, which gave the six members of the group a busy evening. I watched all this on one of the hottest nights of the summer, but the dancers couldn't have been more animated if they had been trying to keep warm. The stage lighting was in general neatly managed, but the footlight shields prevented some of the spectators from seeing much of the dancers' feet.

The Stadium's first operatic evening of the season presented Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Metropolitan cast in a lively, well-integrated first act of "Carmen." Gladys Swarthout,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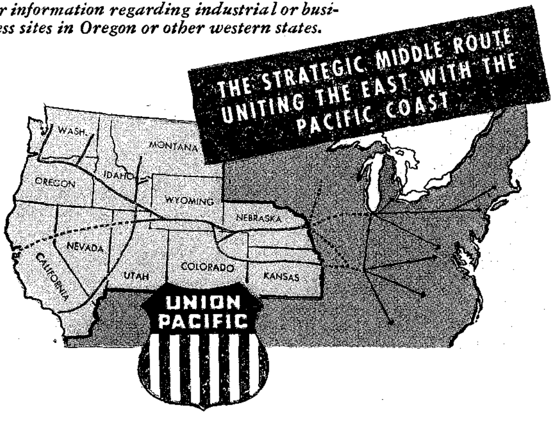
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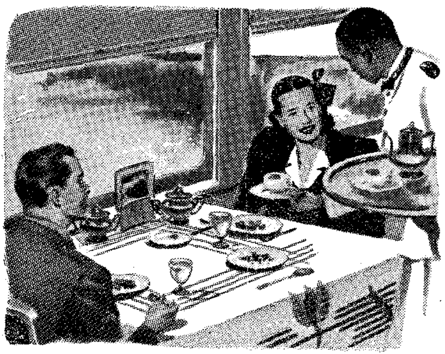
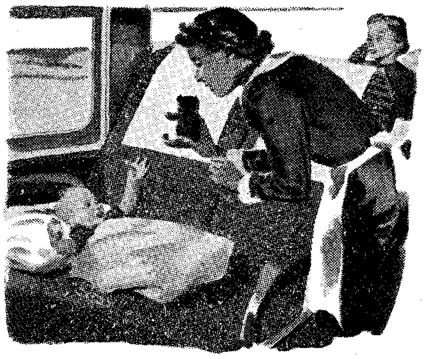


Mealtime Money's Worth

Dinner or breakfast in the cheerful Pacemaker dining car is attractively served at an attractive price. Yet even on this thrifty menu, New York Central allows service men and women a special discount.



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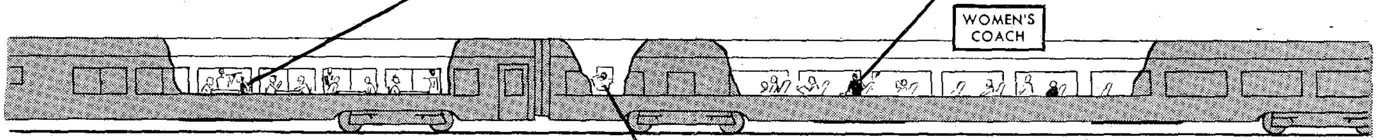
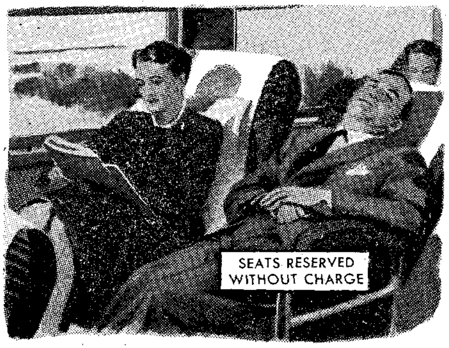
This young lady's meeting her Navy Dad for the first time. So now she's beauty napping in the special Women's Coach, where the Maid watches over her while Mother's in the dining car.





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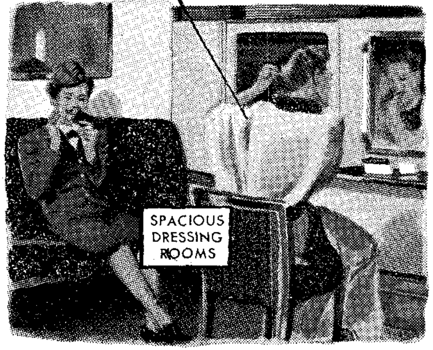

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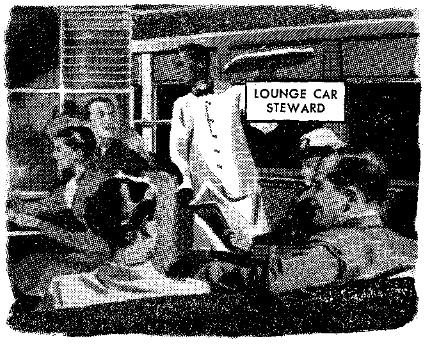

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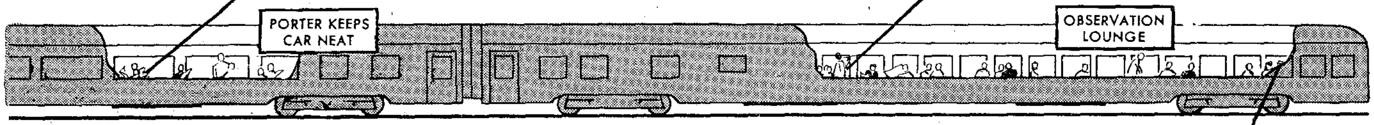

BY DAY, uniforms mingle with civilian clothes in the cheery dining and lounge cars. By night, coach lights dim . . . seats lean restfully back . . . talk sinks to silence . . . and only the hum of the wheels hints that these passengers are gliding over the Water Level Route on a schedule almost as fast as the 20th Century's own.

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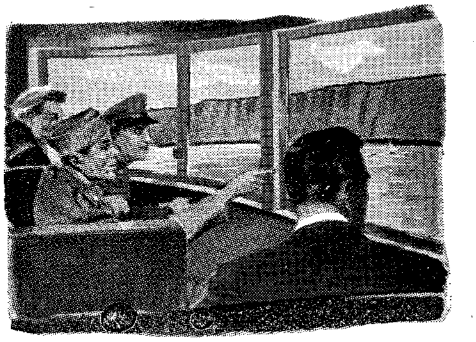

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE

who sang the title rôle, was an attractive and convincing heroine. Herbert Graf's effective stage direction included a novel if not overwhelming bit of business—after the offstage fracas in the cigarette factory between Carmen and one of her fellow-workers, the helpless loser was carried across the stage. There was time for only one act that evening. As soon as the first-act curtain was drawn, the management announced that it would rain in fifteen minutes and advised the audience to leave. It was a very accurate prediction.

ALL of us who write about music have lost a valued friend and colleague in the death of Oscar Thompson, the music critic for the *Sun*. He was a man of great gifts, industry, and perception, and his thorough knowledge of music was always at the service of his readers and his fellow-reviewers. Among Mr. Thompson's sound and readable books are one of the great musical reference works, "The International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," which he edited, and an outstanding critical biography of Debussy. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

A navy lieutenant visited a studio the other day and confessed to a horrified Hollywood guide that he had never heard of Ingrid Bergman, Lauren Bacall or Jennifer Jones. He still thought Shirley Temple was a curly-headed moppet.

The Lieutenant, who was recently in command of a gun crew on an oil tanker, had been at sea for 32 months. He didn't even know about Frank Sinatra.

His favorite stars, he said, were Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers. In fact, he was so behind the times that he didn't even know that "Huba, huba" was a phrase denoting a tender passion.

The Lieutenant's plight brings a rather startling idea to mind. We have developed in the past several years an enormous number of stars who are not, as they and we like to think, world famous at all.—*Harold Heffernan in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Why, Harold Heffernan!

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the News*]

At least a score of other women, some with children, screamed in terror as the man suddenly leaped upon a middle-aged woman just emerging from the park, shook her violently by the throat, and pitched her to the sidewalk. . . .

By the time he had run about 200 yards into the park and had knocked down five women, the detectives were upon him. He struggled but they hustled him into a car and rushed him to Roosevelt Hospital, where he was diagnosed as neurotic.

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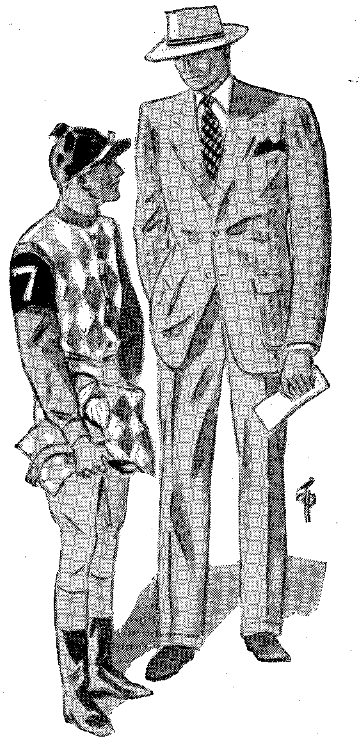

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by John J. Espey

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—FRANK SULLIVAN, *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THREE EXOTIC TALES, by Philip Freund (Pilgrim House). The first of these long short stories concerns an irresponsible young Colombian student in Mexico City, the second is about a fabulous old swindler in Panama. In both instances an original and conscientious talent is brought to the study of a character, which, however, is studied too hard and too long. It is only the third story of the collection that is wholly successful. In it a group of ill-assorted people travel on a freighter from New York to Venezuela. By the time they reach their destination, the author, in clear and harmonious prose, has not only made the journey real and interesting but has let us observe for a brief, vivid moment the serene spirit of an unusual character. At his best, or even at his second best, Mr. Freund is a serious and penetrating writer.

COBB'S CAVALCADE, edited by B. D. Zevin (World). Readers who make the slightest pretensions to keeping up would probably not be caught dead looking into this volume of selections from the old-fashioned works of Irvin S. Cobb. Nevertheless, the editor, by collecting the stories of an author who was as soundly American as Mark Twain, has done a valuable service to those capable of recognizing the vital in the sentimental and the original in the homely.

THE THREE-CORNERED HAT, by Pedro Antonio de Alarcón (Bittner). A handsome edition of the famous Spanish novel in a new translation by Lawrence M. Levin, illustrated with twenty-one hand-colored woodcuts by Fritz Kredel. Although the price is rather steep ($12.50), most collectors will probably decide the book is worth it.

GENERAL

BONES OF CONTENTION, by Lord Vansittart (Knopf). A collection of essays, bearing such titles as "The New Morality," "Reform and Precaution," and "Peace Terms for Germany," in which the author reaffirms and adds to his indictment of the Germans in "Lessons of My Life" and "Black Record." Lord Vansittart doesn't love the Germans any more today than he did yesterday or the day before, but his book is by no means merely an outburst of anger. He has drawn plenty of evidence from history to support his contention that the Germans are a bad lot, militarily overeager and politically immature, and his program for them ("destroy Germany's military strength . . . decentralize her . . . and let the smaller states draw together, particularly in the economic sphere") is a long way from the program of total extinction he has been accused of advocating. Actually, it may be a good program for the United Nations to get started on.

MARTA OF MUSCOVY, by Phil Stong (Doubleday, Doran). A full-length biography of Catherine I, the peasant girl who, rung by rung and man by man, climbed the ladder that led from her father's cabin to the throne of Russia. The story of her rise from mop to sceptre is a good one and Mr. Stong, who has strayed rather far from the scenes and simplicities of his native Iowa, tells it for all it is worth. There are times when his prose has a slightly amazed look, as if he were watching the ascent of his heroine through the eyes of one of the rustics in "State Fair," but anybody hunting for a good warm-weather book can stop hunting here.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT GEOLOGISTS, by Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton (Doubleday, Doran). The riddle of the rocks and how it was solved by such geologists as Aristotle, Theophrastus, Strabo, and, in more modern times, James Hutton, William Smith, Adam Sedgwick, Louis Agassiz, and David Dale Owen. A good book for (1) people who have always intended to find out what geology is all about and (2) young rock collectors of both sexes who would like to know about the notable men who have had the same general idea. Illustrated.

PRIMER FOR WHITE FOLKS, edited by Bucklin Moon (Doubleday, Doran). A five-hundred-page anthology of writings—good, bad, and indifferent—about the American Negro. Mr. Moon, who has drawn his material from many and scattered places, says in his introduction that it is intended for the average American who feels disturbed by the rising racial tension and by the paradox of the relationships between white and Negro in a democracy. He might have said, more accurately, that it is a revealing examination of how the Negro got to be looked upon as a second-class citizen, in the North as well as in the South, and why he doesn't intend to stay that way. There are pieces by Sterling Brown, Erskine Caldwell, Dorothy Parker, Lillian Smith, Thomas Sancton, and Carey McWilliams.

Son of the Wilderness, by Linnie Marsh Wolfe (Knopf). A full-length life of John Muir, the American naturalist and mechanical genius who has been called, and was, one of the most versatile Americans since Benjamin Franklin. Very earnest, very well documented, and, considering the material the author had to work with, rather unforgivably dull. Illustrated.

History in the Writing, by the foreign correspondents of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*; edited by Gordon Carroll (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). All around the world's mulberry bush by the various ladies and gentlemen who enjoy the advantages and privileges of the superior shuttle service that Mr. Henry Luce operates between Rockefeller Center and foreign points. Whether one likes or dislikes the publications these correspondents work for, the fact is evident, as this collection of their dispatches from 1941 to D Day demonstrates, that a more able group of journalists has rarely been gathered together. In this volume's assortment are pieces by such practiced operatives as Jack Belden, John Hersey, Robert Sherrod, John Scott, Margaret Bourke-White, and Charles Wertenbaker.

Best Sports Stories of 1944, edited by Irving T. Marsh and Edward Ehre (Dutton). Fifty-odd sketches from the columns of newspapers and magazines, for the benefit of sports fans, many of whom have seen these stories already and many of whom probably won't care if they have. The compilers, one a working journalist, cover a wide range of subjects, including yachting in wartime and the discovery of old Sam Langford, the onetime boxing champion, skiing in a New Hampshire town. The volume ends with a register of sports records. Photographs.

VERSE

The War Poets: An Anthology of the War Poetry of the Twentieth Century, edited by Oscar Williams (John Day). Is war poetry a nonsensical category? Mr.

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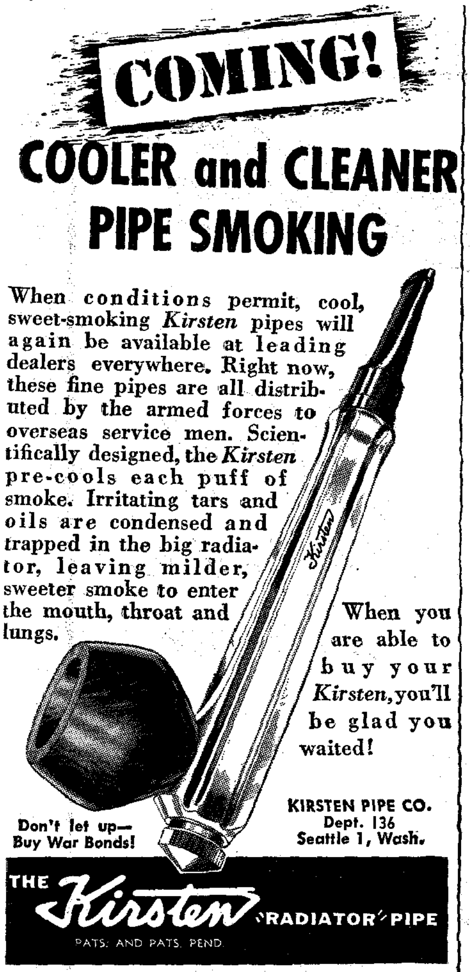

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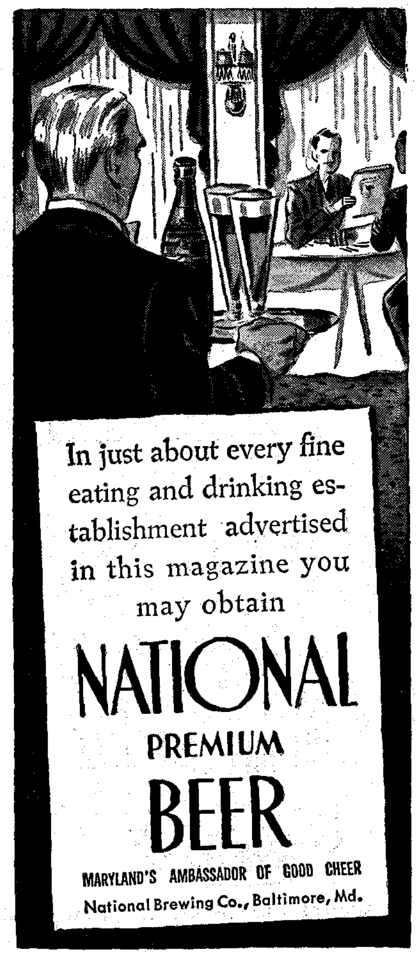

In just about every fine eating and drinking establishment advertised in this magazine you may obtain

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

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Williams begins his sizable (485-page) book with comments by some of the poets involved, and this question receives an interesting variety of answers. The editor has flung a large net. He rightly accents the importance of Wilfred Owen, the finest poet produced during the first great war and whose work has long been out of print. "The Poetry of World War I," "Poems by the Men in the Armed Forces of England and America," and "War Poems by the Civilian Poets" are the book's chief headings. The result seems overlong. Certain excellent poems appear to be surrounded by rather large areas of dull observation and fancy double talk. On the other hand, such a comprehensive selection gives the reader a general sense of the poetic climate, and every serious reader can try to make out for himself in what direction postwar poetic tides may flow. Biographical notes, and many photographs of the poets.

SHORT IS THE TIME: POEMS 1936-1943, by C. Day Lewis (Oxford). Lewis, a comrade-in-arms of Auden and Spender in the crusading days of his youth, quickly fell back into the upholstered ease of old-fashioned rhetoric and has been lost to the van for some time. He is still, however, capable of a lovely song, and some of the simpler and more realistic pieces of verse in this new book are very moving.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE FEAR MAKERS, by Darwin L. Teilhet (Appleton-Century). Captain Allen Eaton, returning from France with a head injury and a touch of amnesia, is annoyed to find that his Washington firm, which had formerly done public-opinion polls, has been taken over by some men who are disseminating racial and anti-labor propaganda. Eaton is supposed to be convalescing, but he goes back to work and rounds up the scoundrels responsible with the aid of a young refugee girl who saw the same sort of thing happen in Berlin before she left. A good idea—too good, in fact, for the formula in which it is presented, that of the narrow-squeak novel.

MURDER-GO-ROUND, by C. P. Donnel, Jr. (McKay). Young Anthony Costello, an American working for the British Intelligence, flies to Stockholm in 1943 disguised as a Frenchman, this apparently being the approved method of finding out if the Germans are trying to negotiate peace through a Swedish industrialist. Next year, the industrialist, now in America, is killed, and Costello, of course, is the boy to find out how and why. If the espionage seems muddled at times, there's plenty of shooting to make up for it, as well as a nice little romance.

TIGHT ROPE, by Allison Burks (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A young lady stenographer is hired by the Thorndyke family of California to impersonate the late Miss Dorinda LaCroix, a niece who died in France, for the fairly unusual reason that this will spare Dorinda's ailing grandmother the shock of hearing of her death. This situation, as one might surmise, means plenty of trouble for the stenographer as well as some corpses for the police. Nice enough, in its breathless way.

EXPERT IN MURDER, by Charles L. Leonard (Doubleday, Doran). Paul Kilgerrin, an excessively hard-bitten private detective, proves himself smarter than the combined military intelligence services of the United States, Great Britain, and France, not to mention our State Department, the organization on whose behalf he is working. The case involves a little matter of Arab unrest in North Africa after the Allied invasion, and practically everyone from Cairo to Casablanca seems to have a knife out for Kilgerrin. More bloodshed, in fact, than sense.

•

The editors of *Poetry* call your attention to a regrettable error in the May issue. James Laughlin's poem, *The Avalanche,* should end with the line "monument to self-destruction!" (page 73). The next line, "Love you that so long a," is the beginning of another poem whose title, *The Shape of Love,* was unfortunately omitted.—*Postcard sent to subscribers to Poetry.*

Oh, don't be so fussy.

•

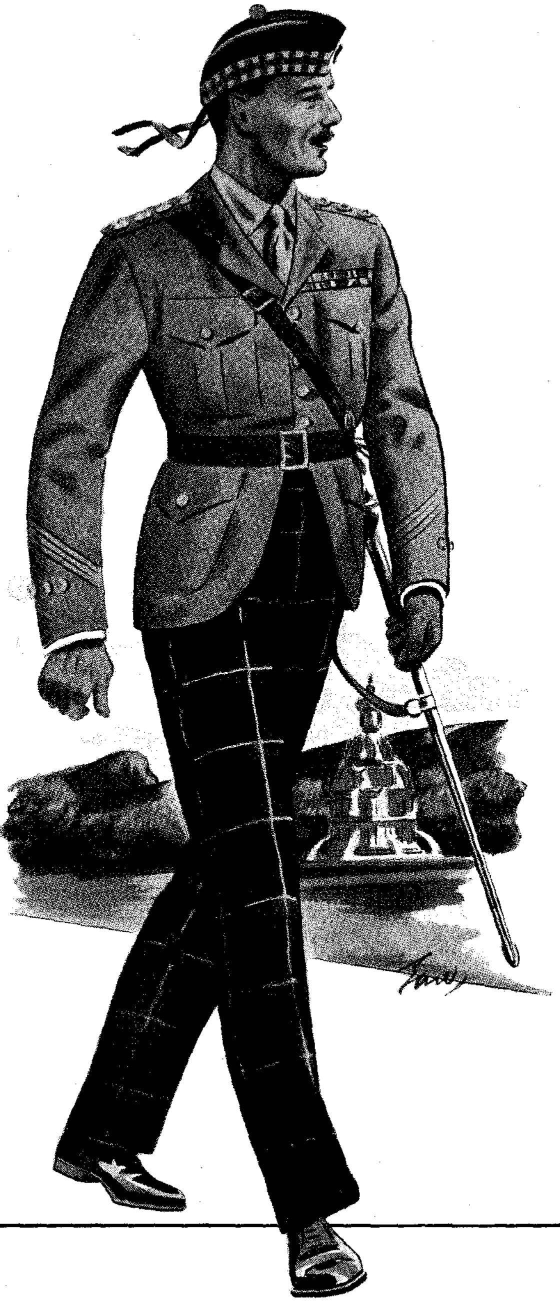
O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT
(DIZZY HEIGHTS DIVISION)

[*From Appalachia, organ of the Appalachian Mountain Club*]

Sunday, June 17. First ascent, by an official A.M.C. group, of Rhode Island's highest mountain, Jerimoth Hill, 812 ft. (Jerimoth was formerly surveyed as 799 ft. and Durfee Hill as 806 ft.; Durfee has now shrunk to 804 ft.) We shall visit the site of the first Rhode Island Greening Apple tree on the homestead of Solomon Drowne, first professor of Botany at Brown University.

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS



YOUR Intelligence Department has already reported that occasionally Dewar's is not available as usual. But grand strategy dictates *waiting* for this superb Scotch. Because Dewar's *quality*—winner of sixty world honours—*is still available as usual!*

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